THE AMERICAN WEST

THE COVER

A curious phenomenon came to our attention while the cover for this issue was being selected: different members of the staff, working in various libraries, had been looking at quite different lithographs, all of the while being under the impression that a single stagecoaching scene was under consideration. The confusion soon passed, but it left behind an interesting set of variations on a popular theme—which we present here and on the inside back cover.

A

B

C

Detail from cover picture.

First, it might be noted that our cover picture, published by Britton & Rey of San Francisco in about 1860, is not precisely identical to the cut shown here (**A**). The parasol held by the lady has been removed, as has the child sitting between the two figures behind the driver; the lady even appears to have been changed into a man (see detail). The artist who drew the original of this famous scene was Aaron Stein, an executive of Wells Fargo, and it is said that Stein worked very closely with Britton & Rey in the production of the lithograph, a circumstance that may explain why a change was made on the stone. The figures are presumably portraits; and if the identification that we have heard is correct, the removed lady was none other than Lily Hitchcock, San Francisco's celebrated darling of the volunteer firemen.

Barlow & Sanderson were big-time stage operators on the Kansas City–Santa Fe route, in the Colorado mining region, and later were principals in the California & Oregon line. The mountain in the scene is often identified as Mount Shasta—but is it? Our guess is that it was more likely intended to represent some noble peak in the Rockies.

The 1872 Britton & Rey lithograph (**B**) of the California & Oregon Stage Company is substantially identical to the cover—but the mountain definitely is identified as Mount Shasta. The figures on the top of the coach have been changed a bit, perhaps because by 1872 (and in California) the Chinese did not have quite the colorful popular appeal that they may have had earlier or elsewhere. More interestingly, the passenger next to the driver has acquired the spectacles and beaver associated with the Horace Greeley image, and the driver seems to have become Hank Monk.

The Greeley–Monk theme is repeated in another Barlow & Sanderson advertisement of the early 1870's (**C**), but the mountain is now identified as Uncompahgre Mountain (42 feet shorter than Shasta, if you believe what you read on lithographs). The Chinese are again prominently displayed, but some of the crowd on top has been replaced by the luggage of Kit Carson, S. B. Maxwell, and Col. Bent. The lithograph was produced by Woodward, Bernan & Hale, St. Louis. While the general scene is substantially different from the two above, it is a long way from being original, as will be seen by a glance at the inside back cover.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE WESTERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

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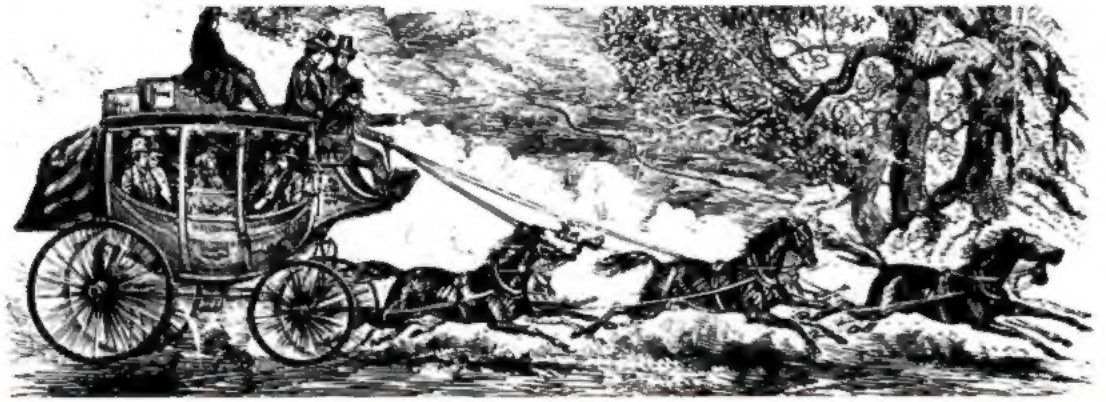
MORETON BAY FIG TREE, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA (*photograph by John Meyer*).



Travelers by "OVERLAND"

Stagecoaching on the Central Route, 1859–1865

BY GEORGE R. STEWART

ALONG WITH THE COVERED WAGON, the stagecoach is the symbolic vehicle of the American West, freighted with much of its golden legend. Clear up to the arrival of the Model T, the stages ran out everywhere from the steamboat landings and the railheads, but the Big League of stagecoaching was the "overland," a name originated to distinguish this route from the sea route to California. In practice, "overland" in staging, like "transcontinental" in railroading, came to mean the run from the Middle West, across the thinly settled plains, mountains, and deserts—a distance of roughly two thousand miles—to the always shining goal of California. Commonly "overland" referred, even more narrowly, to the central route from one of the Missouri River towns (St. Joseph, Leavenworth, or Atchison), by way of Salt Lake City, to Placerville or Folsom in California, where a local railroad and then the Sacramento River steamboats took over.

What may be called "public" transportation over the route had begun inauspiciously in 1849. It continued through the early fifties, but not with anything worth calling a stagecoach run. Mail contracts for Salt Lake City helped a little, but there were setbacks with the Indian troubles of 1854 and the Mormon War of 1857. Thus it is 1858 before the story really begins, with little more than a decade to run before the railroad takes over and ends staging completely, in 1869.

That the story happened at all may seem a little strange. If only the eastern seaboard and California had been involved, stage lines would probably never have developed. In the fifties excellent transportation for passengers, mail, and express was available from the East Coast by sea: fast steamers from New York and New Orleans, short land journeys across Panama or Nicaragua (even Tehuantepec was used), then another fast steamer to San Francisco. First-class passage could be luxurious, and the time was so short that the stages could compete only with the greatest difficulty.

In the Middle West, however, the situation was different; a businessman in St. Louis or Chicago objected to setting out for California by traveling a thousand miles in the wrong direction. Moreover, the covered wagon migration had made the California Trail as familiar as a city street.

There were solidly established and growing Mormon settlements in Utah, so by geographical necessity the beginnings of overland staging involved mail contracts for Salt Lake City. At the same time the need for communication between Utah and California led to the independent development of the remaining link in the transporta-

OVERLAND STAGE LINE

Carrying the Great Through Mails
Between the Atlantic and the Pacific States.

DAILY COACHES to and from ATCHISON, OMAHA, and NEBRASKA CITY via DENVER CITY; connecting at Denver with its Daily Line of Coaches for CENTRAL CITY, GREGORY and CLEAR-CREEK Mining Districts; also, with Tri-weekly coaches, for TAOS, SANTA FE, and other principal points in NEW MEXICO.

At SALT LAKE CITY, connecting with its TRI-WEEKLY LINE of Coaches for VIRGINIA CITY and HELENA;—BOISE CITY, WALLA WALLA, DALLES and PORTLAND, Oregon;—also connecting with the daily coaches of The Overland Mail Company, for AUSTIN, VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., SACRAMENTO, and SAN-FRANCISCO, CALA.

BEN HOLLADAY,
Proprietor.

tion chain, and by the later fifties a precarious system had been established over the whole two thousand miles. The timing was auspicious, for the chief new discoveries of gold and silver occurred along the central route: the Denver area in 1858, the Comstock Lode at Virginia City in 1859, the Reese River mines at Austin in 1862.

Most of the history of the overland stage involves the way-stops. Few passengers and little mail made the whole passage, and almost no passengers went all the way through without laying over for a few days somewhere. Still, it was the transcontinental adventure that captured the imagination—then as now—and among the best accounts of the operation of the overland are those of travelers who made the entire journey from the Missouri to "the banks of the Sacramento."

To gain some impression of that journey, we are fortunate in having four accounts that may well be termed "classic." They date from different years, thus covering the development of stage travel from its beginnings to its culmination. Each trip was made by a man of literary connections and of some importance in his time. Whether any one of the experiences is to be termed "typical" may be doubted. Indeed, the journey of each varied so greatly from the others that the whole conception of being typical seems to lose cogency.

These classic journeys were made by Horace Greeley in 1859, Richard Burton in 1860, Mark Twain in 1861, and Samuel Bowles and Schuyler Colfax in 1865.

GREELEY, editor of the New York *Tribune* and a well-known public figure, boarded the west-bound stage at Manhattan, Kansas, at 1:00 P.M., May 27, 1859. Forty-eight years old and a bit of a showman, he displayed his broad-spreading beard and wore the white duster that he had established as his trademark. Always the astute journalist, he sent letters back to the *Tribune* every few days; these eventually became *An Overland Journey*.

By the time Greeley came aboard at Manhattan, he was already well started on his transcontinental journey. Ahead lay 575 miles of prairie leading to the newly-established mining camp of Denver. The vehicle he rode was not the conventional stagecoach but a light mule-drawn stage wagon, commonly called a "mud wagon." Given the great probability of getting stuck in the mud, the stages traveled in pairs, helping each other out as necessity arose.

The route looped northwestward across northern Kansas and then sloped off southwestward to the destination. The enterprising stage company had established stations —most of them mere tents—at intervals that varied from ten to twenty-five miles.

The trail was wholly "natural." Laid out only a few weeks before, it had little past and even less future. Greeley's trip was, in fact, the last passage it saw before the line was shifted northward to follow the old emigrant route along the Platte.

This leg of Greeley's journey represents the overland at its most primitive. The daily run averaged about sixty miles. Time had to be taken out briefly for changing teams, and more lengthily for meals and overnight stops. Only one night, the last one, was spent with the stage in motion. During much of the way, indeed, night driving was too dangerous to be attempted, because stampeding buffalo might have trampled the wagon in the darkness.

On one occasion Greeley suffered a cut cheek and a painfully bruised leg when the stage tipped over at a steep sideling pitch. Nevertheless, he generally enjoyed himself, shrewdly observing both the country and the people, and marveling at the numbers of buffalo that "darkened the earth." He even enjoyed the meals, being about the only overland traveler who did. He arrived in Denver at eight o'clock in the morning, June 6, a little less than ten days from Manhattan.

After seeing the Denver area, Greeley took a private conveyance north to Fort Laramie, and at eight o'clock on the evening of June 30, left on the weekly stage for Salt Lake City. The route followed the well-traveled Emigrant Trail through South Pass; but the stage line itself was about as primitive as the one that he had just left, and Greeley seems to have enjoyed the journey rather less, perhaps because the novelty had worn off. Again there was an accident. Two mules fell at a Sweetwater crossing, and Greeley lost his trunk, which had not been properly secured in the boot of the stage.

Greeley was outraged to discover that from South Pass on time was actually being wasted, because the stage company did not want to make things seem too easy by getting there ahead of schedule. He also turned his plentiful indignation to the franking privilege for congressmen, when he discovered, by prodding, that sixteen of the seventeen bags of mail were filled with bound volumes of what he suspected to be Patent Office reports.

Finally completing this leisurely journey, Greeley arrived in the Mormon capital at dark on July 10, ten and one-half days out of Fort Laramie, having averaged fifty miles a day.

The fabled six-horse Concord coach of overland staging days more often than not turned out to be a "celerity wagon" pulled by mules. Known as a "mud wagon" outside of front-office circles, this light vehicle was easy on the animals and quite comfortable—for the mails. Changing from coach to mud wagon is illustrated above, in an 1858 view on the southward-looping Butterfield transcontinental route —not to be confused with the central "Overland" traveled by Greeley, Clemens, Burton, and Seymour. (Below) In a classic view from Harper's Weekly *in 1868, the Overland Mail traverses Guy's Gulch in the Rocky Mountains.*

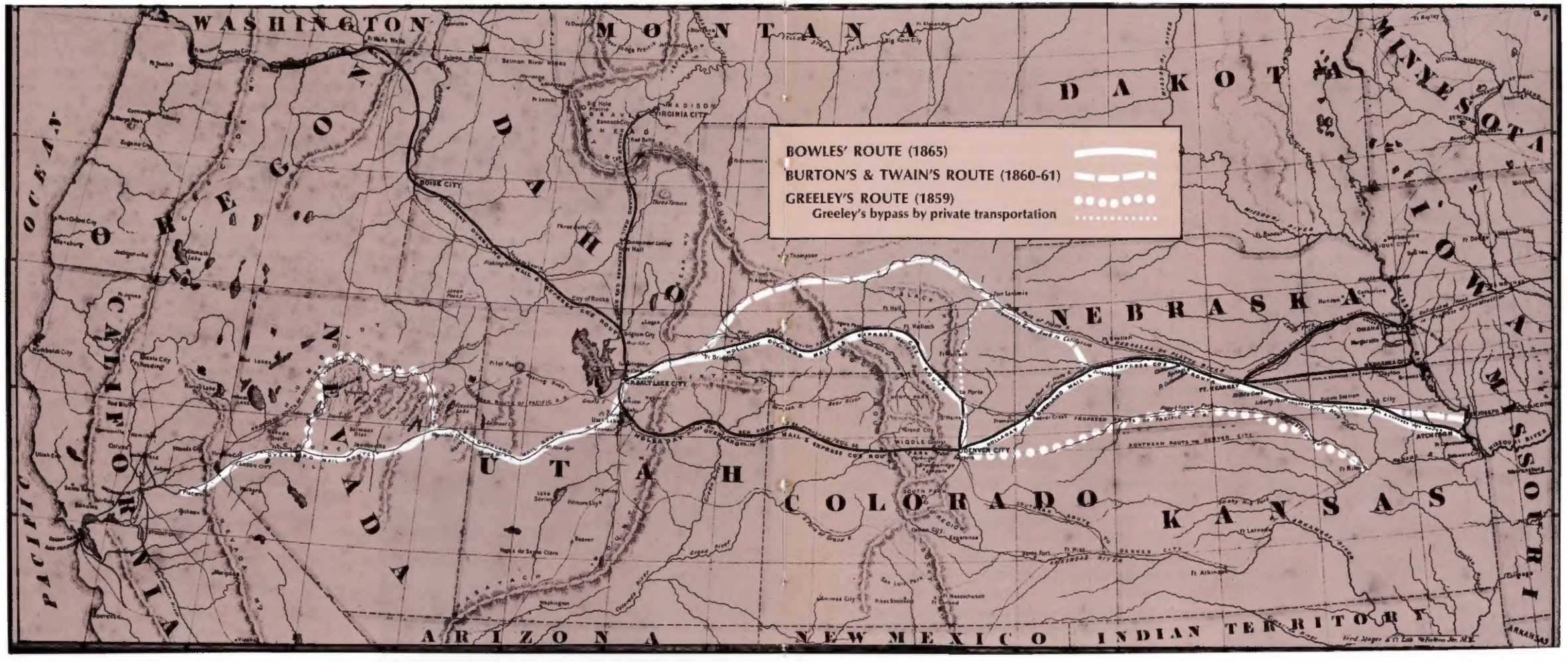
Soon the tireless traveler was away again, this time taking off from Camp Floyd, forty-five miles south of Salt Lake City, on the morning of July 21. He traveled by the Chorpenning line over a primitive road south of the lake, known as Egan's route. This was supposed to be shorter than the old trail, though it really was about the same distance. Again it was mules and a mud wagon, and the same animals sometimes labored for fifty miles.

Across the desolate southern edge of the Great Salt Lake Desert, Greeley followed what would later be, as Simpson's route, the main line of staging. Ten miles west of Ruby Valley, however, Chorpenning's line swung off northwest and went right over the Cortez Mountains by a breakneck ascent and descent, where the passengers gladly walked. Joining the old Emigrant Trail on the Humboldt River, the stage then followed that unspeakably monotonous route down to the sink, and up along the Carson River to Carson City.

Whatever Greeley's earlier frustrations, he ended gloriously. On the last run a succession of teams of "four wild California horses," changed every ten miles, whirled him over two Sierra summits and down into Placerville in the conventional cloud of dust. Only fiction, indeed, is the famous story ("Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time!"), but the whirlwind ride was fact. Down the west slope, around the precipices, and past Slippery Ford, the stage sped at an incredible ten miles an hour—once, as Greeley noted in awe, reaching eleven. The readers of the *Tribune* had the benefit of a final summation: "I cannot conscientiously recommend the route I have traveled to summer tourists in quest of pleasure, but it is a balm for many bruises to know that I am at last in CALIFORNIA."

As COLORFUL as Greeley (and that is stiff competition) was the traveler, Richard Burton, later to be the renowned translator of the *Arabian Nights*. Already, at thirty-nine, Burton was a famous author of travel books and in 1860 collecting material for what was to be *The City of the Saints*.

His traveling companions were Lieutenant J. J. Dana, a young American army officer, and his wife and baby. The presence of a lady must have raised some complications, but the Victorians took such matters a good deal more matter-of-factly than we like to imagine. Mrs. Dana, though she became thoroughly exhausted at times, bore up throughout the journey and brought the child through successfully.



Burton followed the old Emigrant Trail all the way from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City, setting out on August 7, 1860. In the year that had elapsed since Greeley's journey, the route had been shifted but no great improvement in the service had occurred. There had even been some deterioration. Burton was a younger man than Greeley, and much more inured to hardship; but he complained more about bad food and general discomfort than had Greeley. Still, the mules were changed at regular stations about twenty-five miles apart, and the mud wagon jounced along steadily—or, sometimes, unsteadily.

Burton was enraged, as Greeley had been, at halts "by order." At the last station out of Salt Lake City, the travelers waited eleven hours, so as not to make too early an entry. Burton was never a man to dawdle, and the stations where he had to "lay over" were uncomfortably primitive and wholly boring.

The rate of travel had actually slowed down by 1860. Greeley's time was nine and one-half days from Fort Laramie to Salt Lake City; Burton's, thirteen and one-half. On the whole run Burton spent nineteen days.

Further west there was even more deterioration; Burton found that no stage at all was running. What had happened was that the Post Office Department had revoked Chorpenning's contract, thus putting him out of business. Some skulduggery from business rivals may have been behind the cancellation. In any case, the firm's demise shows how completely the early stage lines depended upon government support.

Burton arranged to continue by private conveyance. He followed Greeley's wheel tracks as far as Ruby Valley. Further west he went over Simpson's route, which was just being developed as a road for stages. Though he was not himself traveling by stage, his comments upon the route are of importance, elucidating the journey of an even more famous traveler of the next year.

Sam Clemens, not yet known as Mark Twain, left St. Joseph for Carson City at 8:00 A.M. on July 26, 1861.

GREAT OVERLAND

MAIL ROUTE.

PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC STATES.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

FARE REDUCED! TIME SHORTENED!

On and after the 1st day of April, 1867, passengers will be forwarded through at the following reduced rates, viz:

Sacramento to Omaha	$236.
Virginia City to Omaha	275.
Austin to Omaha	225.
Sacramento to Cheyenne	250.
Virginia City to Cheyenne	225.
Austin to Denver	175.
Salt Lake to Bannock, Montana	120.
" *Virginia*	120.
" *Helena*	145.
" *Fort Benton*	175.

ALL LEGAL TENDERS OR THEIR EQUIVALENT.

Time from Sacramento to Omaha, 15 Days.

First class conveyances, careful and experienced drivers and attentive agents are employed, and every possible arrangement has been made for the comfort and safety of passengers.

The route passes through the celebrated silver regions of Nevada, the valley of Great Salt Lake, the beautiful scenery of the Rocky Mountains and the GREAT PLAINS, and is the cheapest and most expeditious route to the Atlantic States.

Good meals at reasonable prices will be furnished passengers at convenient distances.

Passengers may lay over at any home station and renew their journey whenever there are vacant seats in stages, by notifying the local agent immediately on arrival.

At Morrow's Station, the cars of the Union Pacific Railroad Company will afford direct communication with Railroads at Omaha for all Eastern cities and towns. Wells, Fargo & Co., are also sole proprietors of connecting Stage Lines at Salt Lake City, for the Mining regions of Montana and Idaho, and at Denver with the mining regions of Colorado.

Express packages taken to any of the above named points at low rates

Tickets may be purchased at the offices of Wells, Fargo & Co., on the route.

Persons desiring to secure passage for their friends in the States, can do so by making application to the Agents of the Company. No seat secured until paid for.

Twenty-five (25) pounds of baggage allowed each passenger, but they will not be permitted to carry valuables as baggage or extra baggage

For further particulars enquire at any of the offices of the Company on the line, or of

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

Stage Department, San Francisco.

San Francisco, April 1st, 1867.

With him was his brother Orion, and all readers of *Roughing It* are familiar with his trip.

There is a certain amount of fiction in the story. No one is expected to believe the tale of the fellow passenger being treed by a bull buffalo, and the whole account of the buffalo hunt is dubious. Sam himself, aged twenty-six and experienced on the river, was by no means the babe in the wood that he presents himself as being. Moreover, *Roughing It* was not written until 1870, so some unconscious distortion could have crept in.

Unfortunately, Sam had kept no journal. He had, however, the advantage of a memorandum book of Orion's, and the story, as far as the staging is concerned, checks out with the historical background. Even the incident, never wholly explained, when the conductor calls out in the darkness, "I'm being murdered!" is confirmed by a statement in one of Orion's letters. Another unlikely detail, the abandonment of the mail, has a kind of confirmation in the diary of a covered wagon emigrant of that same summer, who recorded obtaining his reading material from the bountiful piles of printed matter that had been thrown out.

In the year since Burton had set out upon the same road, the overland had gone over a great hump. Instead of departing as Burton had, in a mud wagon with four mules, the Clemens brothers rolled out of St. Joseph in style—in a Concord stage, with six horses. The south-dipping Butterfield stage route had been abandoned, partly because of the outbreak of the Civil War. Not only had new and liberal contracts been written with the operators of the central route, but also most of the equipment and stock of the Butterfield line had been moved north. Sam and Orion were among the first to benefit from the new regime. As part of the improvement, stations were now maintained at approximately twelve-mile intervals, so that the teams could make the whole run with undiminished speed.

Sam was young, vigorous, in excellent health, and eager for new experience. The weather was good, and most of the journey was a zestful adventure. Much of that zest still comes across from the pages of the book—"we bowled away . . . fairly flew . . . were bowling along." Everything went well, and therefore uneventfully. When Twain, nine years later, wrote to Orion that he did not remember anything about the trip, he was certainly exaggerating; but he was also making an unconscious comment upon the efficiency of the stage line.

They followed the old Emigrant Trail, worn broad

by the passage of thousands of wagons. Day and night they moved, making three half-hour meal stops and about seven other stops each day to change teams. Actual time on the road was thus almost twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, and in that interval the stage covered about 110 miles. The rate of progress at about five miles per hour may not seem impressive when compared with twentieth-century mechanical transportation; but it was all done by muscle-power, and it had to make allowance for stream-crossings and other bad spots in what was, after all, a "natural" road. A good rate of travel—as Twain himself reports and other writers confirm—was eight or ten miles an hour. This would mean that the horses were trotting briskly, covering a mile in from six to eight minutes.

The dashing display of the departure from St. Joseph faded a little with the advance westward. On the third day, the party suffered the slight indignity of having their horses replaced by mules. The six mules, however, were "wild Mexican fellows," full of spirit, and covered their whole ten miles in a kind of runaway fashion—"a fierce and furious gallop."

On the fifth day, at Overland City (now Julesburg, Colorado), the travelers came down in the world still farther —symbolically, at least—by being transferred to "a less sumptuous affair, called a 'mud wagon'." As with the change to mules, the result was probably beneficial, for the lighter vehicle could get along faster on the mountain roads.

The nights, one thinks, would have been somewhat nightmarish. But Twain did not mind them—at least as he looked back from a vantage point of nine years—and he seems to have managed to get enough sleep. He even wrote of the stage as a "cradle" that "rocked in a gentle, lulling way." After all, he was only twenty-six years old and in the best of health.

On August 2 they met the desperado Slade at their breakfast stop, which one of Orion's letters identifies as Rocky Ridge, the second station east of South Pass. So they passed on swiftly, seeing with pleasure all the famous landmarks of the Emigrant Trail; having a momentary scare when the mud wagon threatened to bog down at the Green River crossing; eating their only good meal at the station there, where Burton also found a good meal, and finally coming into Salt Lake City "as the night closed in" on August 5—ten and one-half days from St. Joseph. (Just the year before, Burton had taken nineteen days. Comparison, however, shows that the difference resulted chiefly from the length of time spent on the road. Burton moved almost as rapidly as Twain, but he stopped longer. The stage company had cut the time in half, mainly by keeping the stages moving through the night.)

Twain spent only one full day among the Mormons, though his voluminous chapters on Mormonism suggest a longer stay. On the evening of August 7, apparently about nine o'clock, he and Orion were off again, probably in a mud wagon. Twain had expended his best efforts in describing the first part of the trip. About all that one can say for his summary of the second half is that it appears to be accurate wherever it can be checked.

That night they went south to Camp Floyd, and by four in the afternoon they reckoned themselves "ninety or a hundred miles from Salt Lake." This would mean that they had arrived at Simpson's Spring, from which station they really took off into the desert: "For sixty-eight miles there was but one break in it." The distance is correctly stated, because from Simpson's Spring they "plowed and dragged and groped along, the whole live-long night." Just before sunrise they arrived at a station. This would have been Fish Springs. Twain has the distance, correctly enough, as forty-five miles, but he is wrong in declaring that water had to be hauled there. He may have confused it with Dugway Station, which they would have passed in the night.

During the next day from four in the morning until two in the afternoon, without water or change of team, they dragged along the twenty-three miles to what must have been Willow Springs. (The mileage again is about right.) The average rate for this stretch was two and one-quarter miles an hour—a slow walk. Without water or rest the mules could do no better.

From Willow Springs on, the going was better for several days, and then they hit what Twain called by the overworked term "the Great American Desert," meaning Carson Sink. Finally they made Carson City, around noon on August 14—about six and one-half days and a little less than six-hundred miles from Salt Lake City.

This averages about ninety miles a day: for a twenty-two-hour day on the road, a little more than four miles an hour. As compared with the 110 miles per day on the eastern half of the journey, the showing for the western half is not good. The slowing resulted partly from the two desert stretches, totaling more than a hundred miles. Moreover, west of Salt Lake City the stations were fewer and farther between—in one instance, separated by a gap

of forty-five miles. The longer distances meant that the strength of the teams had to be husbanded, and these reaches were usually associated with heavy pulling in desert sand. Twain was exaggerating, but not by much, when he wrote of the desert-crossing:

The mules, under violent swearing, coaxing, and whip-cracking, would make at stated intervals a "spurt" and drag the coach a hundred or maybe two hundred yards, stirring up a billowy cloud of dust. . . . Then a rest followed, with the usual sneezing and bit-champing. Then another "spurt" of a hundred yards and another rest at the end of it.

The establishment of stations in the desert country was hampered by lack of water, but within four years this section of the run was able to equal the eastern one or possibly exceed it, as the adventures of some later travelers demonstrate.

SCHUYLER Colfax and Samuel Bowles were definitely VIP's. Colfax was Speaker of the House, a highly popular political figure and presidential timber. Bowles was editor of the Springfield *Republican* and one of the country's leading journalists. His letters would appear in book form as *Our New West*.

The party left Atchison for Denver on May 22, 1865, with a Concord coach and four matched blacks. The stage company was doing everything possible to insure a pleasant and quick journey, and an official accompanied the coach. So also did a small escort of cavalrymen, since hostilities with the Plains Indians had broken out the year before. Indeed, a stage some distance east of Fort Kearny had just had a brush with mounted, arrow-shooting Indians.

The route swung northwest from Atchison, taking the old Emigrant Trail to Julesburg, then heading for Denver. No Indians appeared, and the travelers journeyed merrily and swiftly. Bowles was little short of ecstatic over the smooth, hard road, the good food, and the changing of horses every ten or twelve miles. He reckoned the hourly rate at six miles, with some runs of ten miles made in a single hour.

In spite of a ten-hour enforced delay, they made Denver in two hours less than five days—six hours under the regular schedule. (To realize how things had changed, we should recall that travelers in 1859 had taken twelve days.)

In Denver the red carpet was rolled out; Colfax delivered an oration, and then, on June 3, the stage sped on for Salt Lake City.

In this section the year 1862 had seen an epoch-making relocation. Because of the new importance of Denver, the stage line had been routed southwestward from Julesburg, whereas the old emigrant road bore off to the northwest. To use the old road would have been highly wasteful; so the route through South Pass, which had been the gateway to the West through all the early years, was abandoned, never again to be important. The new route, known as the Cherokee Trail, had been opened in 1849 by a party of Cherokee Indians. After 1862 it was the main line, and today both the railroad and the most-traveled highway follow the tracks of the Cherokee wagons.

In the spring of 1865, however, other Indians were abroad, and even the great Speaker was held up for two days at Virginia Dale because of ravaged stations and stolen horses farther along the line. As a result, the party did not reach Salt Lake City until June 11.

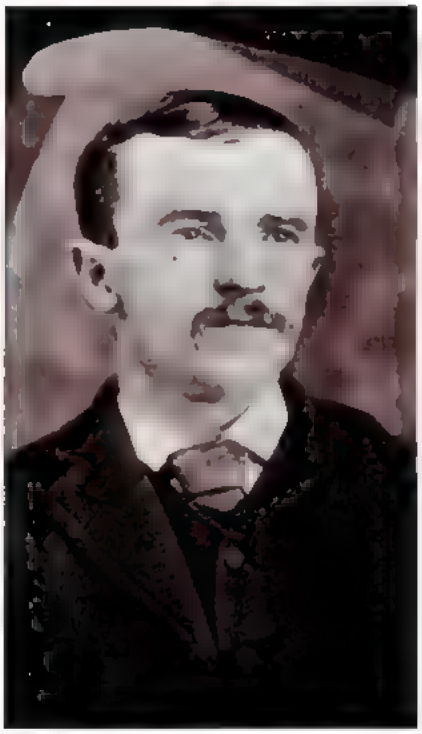
After more red carpets and another oration, Colfax and Bowles set out again, this time across the desert section that Twain had found so slow. But Wells Fargo, the new operators of the stage line, had made improvements, and put on a real demonstration of what staging could be. In a breathtaking run the travelers were hurled across the Great Salt Lake Desert and over the mountains of Nevada, all the way to Austin (approximately four hundred miles), in fifty-one hours at the average rate of about eight miles an hour. One run of eight miles was reported as having been made in half an hour. To maintain such a speed, the drivers must have pressed the horses to the limit. At the same time, the company took a calculated risk of accident or of the foundering of a horse.

After a day at Austin, the party was hurried on at equal speed to Virginia City—175 miles in twenty-two hours or fourteen hours faster than the scheduled time.

As on Greeley's journey, the final run was a proper climax. Over the fine trans-Sierra road, with six matched horses moving upgrade at the trot, downgrade at the gallop, the stage spun ahead through magnificent mountain scenery, seventy-five miles in less than seven hours. Obviously, the journey of the Colfax party was staged as a showpiece. Nevertheless, it demonstrated what the fully-developed stage lines could accomplish, under a little pressure but still within the limits of safety.

Only one journey may have been faster. In 1864 the

Continued on page 61



Andrew Alexander Forbes
in 1892—age 30. Self-portrait.

NO TRADE FOR HEROES

Andrew Alexander Forbes and the Life of the Working Cowboy

BY OWEN ULPH

That cattle ranching and its corollary, cowpunching, were among the more glamorous activities of the old West is such a truism to those who traffic in America's "heritage" that it is seldom challenged. Yet, if not challenged, it should at least be qualified. Some historians with an obsessional concern for "objective" truth, and an occasional fiction writer with a compulsive passion for the deformities of "realism," have pointed out that ranch life was characterized by hard, hazardous work; but the degree to which the cow business was tough, tedious, monotonous drudgery—involving unending risks and uncertain returns for the cattleman and, for the cowhands, long hours, low pay, squalid accommodations, bad food, limited opportunity for diversion, and an almost total absence of women (if this, indeed, should be classified as a disadvantage)—is never sufficiently stressed.

Sodbusters have had Garlands and Rolvaags to depict the dismal desperation of frontier farm life, but the cowboy has escaped such depressing portrayals. When a cowboy's lament was actually heard —either on the lone prairie or in the streets of Laredo—it was, significantly, in a romantic ballad form, examples of which are legion. The absence of grubby descriptions of the plight of the cowboy can

"Horse herd" is the most appropriate term to describe the above assortment of spine-busters since a sprinkling of colts can be seen among them. "Caballada" (cavvy) does not include unbroken horses, and "remuda" is usually confined to geldings in active use. A "string" refers selectively to a specialized group such as "ropers" or "cutting horses," or to the seasonal allotment of a particular cowhand. "Rough string" is used to denote the outfit's delinquents.

be attributed to the fact that he stubbornly refused to solicit pity or to allow his image, like that of the farmer and laborer, to be associated with human misery and exploitation. "Despair" and "beat" were terms reserved for the core-philosophy of his affluent, effete urbanite successors. Conditions were so infinitely worse for the cowhand than for the benighted farmer that the only way for the cowboy to endure existence at all was to develop a sardonic respect for the malevolent and the perverse that bordered on masochistic affection for all forms of affliction. The laws of natural selection eliminated from the range the type of debt-ridden, disgruntled, psalm-snivelling sorehead who moaned and groaned his way to the grave as he steered a plow back and forth over the same dingy plot of earth year in and year out. The life of a cowhand was so plumb awful that it became drama without the contrivances of either art or propaganda. Yet, between the decline of the open range and the emergence of modern, mechanized ranches tied to the centers of civilization by advanced methods of transportation and communication, there was a period during which the cow outfit was as gloomy a specimen of human habitation

A "vested interest." Thirty-two hands accounted for and a plausible assumption that as many more are busy somewhere on the range. An outfit of this size would handle a minimum of twenty thousand head. Note the prevalence of bays among the horses.

as the hovel on any nester's homestead.

Between 1890 and 1910, itinerant photographer Andrew Alexander Forbes traveled the lonely, unimproved roads of the Southwest to isolated spreads, packing himself and his primitive equipment on a buckboard where possible, but more often on a horse and mule. The results of his annual odysseys were a series of camera shots of remarkable clarity and composition, which reflect more faithfully than garnished prose the characteristics of ranch life at the turn of the century. Ranch hands would pay fifty cents to a dollar for prints of Forbes's pictures. It was a painstaking and random way to accumulate a frontier fortune; but bed and board were free, overhead was low, and the lot of the ambulatory photographer was less exacting and more remunerative than that of the men who served as his subjects. On the larger outfits the market for his talent was frequently liberal and expansive. When his seasonal circuit was completed, Forbes returned home with a stouter "warbag" than most ranch hands, "jaw-crackers," or pocket-hunters.

Forbes's photographs display unembellished authenticity. In several instances,

Cowhands obviously staging a roping spree for the camera. Although the photo has been labeled "Branding," there is no fire, no irons are prominent, no calves visible, and steers of this vintage, unless receiving a "road brand," would have been given the treatment earlier in their careers. Moreover, the placement of men and horses makes no functional sense.

A legitimate branding scene. Forbes tolerantly allowed his customers to "mug" for the camera. The mounted Adonis in the striped shirt probably bought prints to send to all his relatives back home.

the subjects are obviously posing—sometimes with naive pride—but the poses are intrinsically honest, the object being to bring the business at hand within the scope of the lens and not to fake melodrama for the consumption of an armchair clientele.

The stupendous Western Cowboy Legend can be subdivided into four major fantasies: the Myth of the Great Outdoors, with its reputation for cleansing and purifying the human spirit, the Fable of the Life of Perpetual Action and Adventure, with its tempering effect on masculine character; the Illusion of Existence as a Permanent Fancy-Dress Ball, with its constant inspiration to romantic individualism; and the Mirage of the Regal Splendor of the Courtly Ranch as a dazzling center for sustaining frontier chivalry.

Forbes's photographs bring these four aspects of western life into sober perspective. If any trace of vulgar romanticism is to be found in his work, it is confined to the first of these categories. Some of his pictures do contain "scenery" sufficient to gratify the less demanding of popular expectations. There are a few rocky buttes, out-croppings, scattered juniper—and space. For the most part, however, the landscapes are not particularly photogenic and serve only as background for the routine tasks being recorded by the camera. Much of the territory is flat, uninspiring, and obviously monotonous. Anyone who has ridden herd in such country, or worked cattle under the conditions depicted, immediately associates with Forbes's "scenery" the sensations the camera does not record—heat, wind, rain, cold, dust, dirt, cracked lips, weary limbs, and flies, flies, flies!

Similar associations are suggested by his action shots. The cowhand's life of

Another authentic branding scene. The pose with the knee around the horn is a trifle casual considering the maturity of the roped animal. At this stage of the operation, however, the "critter" is probably too stunned to struggle. Observe the size of the removed organs. Steers of this age frequently died as a result of cutting. This maverick probably eluded buckaroos during previous roundups.

Forbes caught this action shot in the nick of time. In another second the bronc would have bucked himself and the rider out of the picture, leaving only a surrealist landscape containing a dislodged hat in the foreground and a bored horse in the distance.

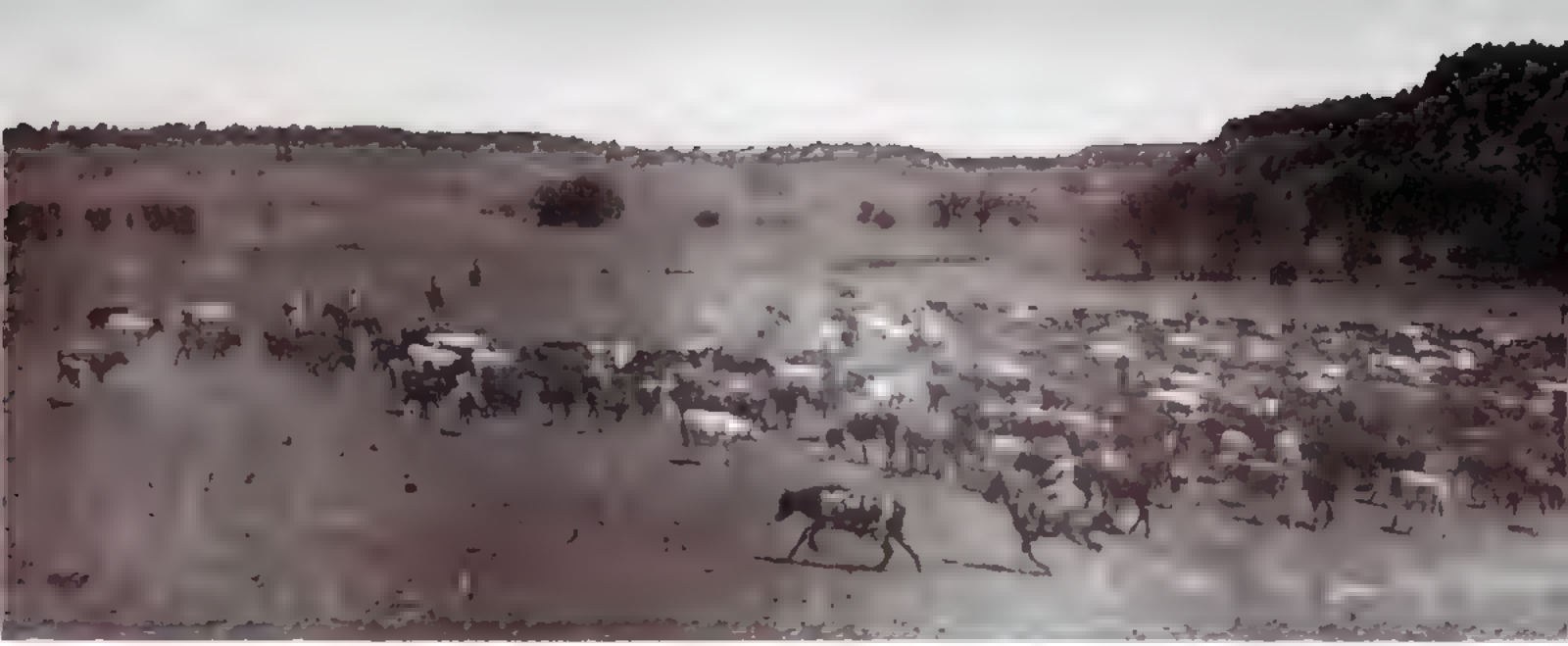
adventure rarely included chasing rustlers, gunning down crooked gamblers, or conquering exotic dance-hall queens. Instead, it consisted of holing up at lonely line camps, hind-footing steers until his roping arm began to holler, dipping cattle in foul-smelling liquids, branding them with the stench of burning hide and hair following him all the way into his bedroll, cutting and dehorning until his clothes were stiff with dried blood, breaking disagreeable horses with neither a gallery nor a prize purse to reward him for pounding his innards until everything below the navel felt bruised, battered, and disconnected. It consisted of hunkering around the chuck wagon, eating indigestible grub, drinking stale coffee brewed with stagnant water, and finally bedding down on lumpy ground with insects and reptiles of infinite variety and perseverance. If the cowhand was lucky enough to get sleep, he would be jerked up in the middle of it. As Henry Steen, a buckaroo for the old RO, once remarked, "By grab, this here Outfit has the fastest nights of any spread I ever rid for!"

With respect to the fanciful costumes adorning the gnarled and asymmetrical bodies of this heroic breed of men and to the theatrical equipment they flourished, Forbes's photographs are particularly illuminating. Colorful haberdashery became popular at a later date, after the Wild West show, the cinema, the rodeo, and dude ranches had created a vulgarized image for later neophyte cowhands to emulate. When ranching was a sober, legitimate business enter-

An excellent shot of cattle bunched and ready for cutting on the high plains. The cows grazing in the distance make useful decoys for those cut away from the herd. The core left constitutes "the cut."

prise, almost any clothing was acceptable if it was reasonably practical and afforded protection from the elements. Most cowhands wore garments that had been originally purchased for conventional social occasions. When trousers became shiny and coats loose and baggy—that is, properly seasoned—they were considered adequate for the range. Wedding suits, if the cowhand had been careless enough to let himself be fitted into a double-harness, saw their final days a long way from church and altar. Vests salvaged from funereal "Sunday bests" were popular. Broad-brimmed hats were often, but not always, purchased specially for the range. A glance at Forbes's pictures shows an absence of fashionably curled sombreros, pinched and perched on the head at rakish angles. The contemporary "bull-rider" brim was nonexistent—as well it should have been with its absurd unfunctionality. Boots ultimately became distinctive, but when Forbes was taking his pictures there was an abundant use of ordinary shoes.

Some of Forbes's photographs show cowhands toting guns, but many others do not The rope, of course, was a necessity, but it was seldom used to hang anyone from a cottonwood. Chaps are spectacularly absent. These awkward bullhide skirts were of unquestionable value in cactus and thornbush, but in open country their chief function was to snag the rider on the horn of the saddle by the rawhide thong that held the two leg-strips together. Veteran cowhands left their chaps in the mail-order catalogs.



A splendid quick-action shot of a cowhand turning back a "bunch-quitter" during roundup. Nothing is posed here.

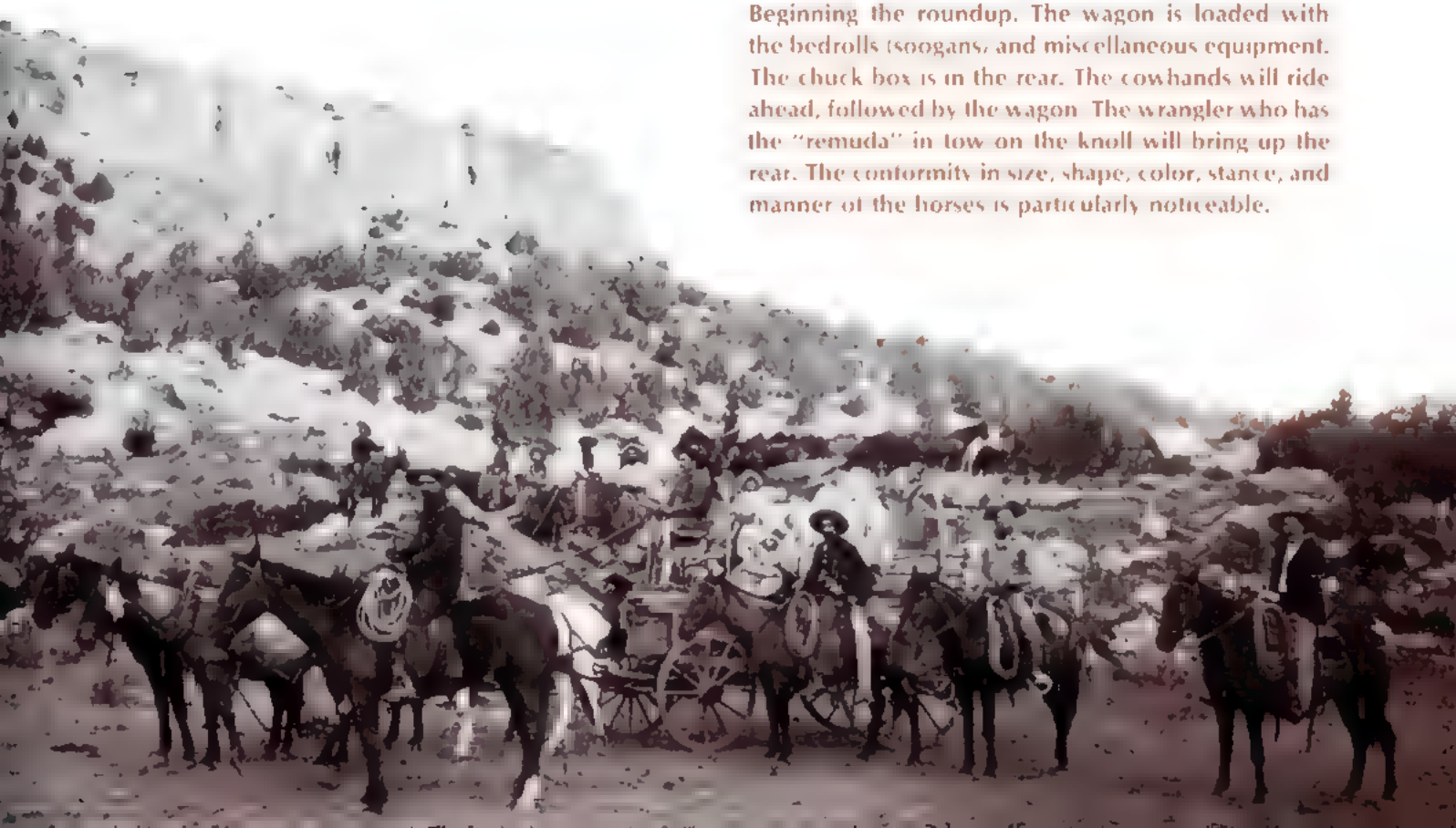
Since the cowhand was almost inseparable from his horse during daylight working hours, these sturdy animals figure prominently in Forbes's pictorial compositions. They are small, compact, and rugged, with long, shaggy manes and their tails often dragging dust. They are predominantly bays. From the viewpoint of contemporary breeders and equestrians they would be considered uniformly ugly. But either beauty in a horse was no virtue at all, or the qualities that constituted it were at considerable variance with present-day

Dunking for "scabies." The mixture is a sulphur and nicotine dip, heated in boilers and dumped into the troughs by hand. Carelessness and haste in temperature control resulted in harrowing anecdotes of "critters" that first hit the scalding brew having hair and hide "biled right off'n 'em."

standards of horse conformation. Small horses were generally tougher than larger animals. The horse had to pack its own weight, as well as the weight of its rider, for long hours over great distances of rough country. Many of the finest cow horses did not weigh over eight hundred and fifty pounds. Height in a horse was of no advantage to a cowhand unless he, himself, happened to be a particularly large man—and large men, like large horses, were ill-suited to cowpunching. "Tall in the saddle" was a decided handicap when it came to ducking overhanging limbs and pounding the brush. Balance and strength and a low center of gravity were the important elements for both horse and man, whether for roping unruly steers, "pulling bog," or simply holding ground and seat whenever it was necessary to "bust out." As for the manes and tails, the cowhand was not much for improving on nature. A roached mane was an eyesore—the lazy man's way of removing cockleburrs. Long tails were made for swishing flies, and should be left alone to allow the horse maximum swishing radius. Two long-tailed horses, standing side by side with "swapped ends," could fend off pestiferous green-heads all day.

Among the more captivating institutions of the cowman's West was that of the "chuck wagon," which accompanied the roundup crews in spring and fall. The following scenes reveal the chuck wagon in action. The advances made by the chuck wagons of the Las Vegas Strip and some modern suburban drive-ins over these early, primitive grub dispensaries should be noted with care.

Beginning the roundup. The wagon is loaded with the bedrolls (soogans) and miscellaneous equipment. The chuck box is in the rear. The cowhands will ride ahead, followed by the wagon. The wrangler who has the "remuda" in tow on the knoll will bring up the rear. The conformity in size, shape, color, stance, and manner of the horses is particularly noticeable.



This scene is lacking in luster. The weather is cold, and the cowhands, clad in long, clumsy coats, look neither romantic nor inspired. The horses appear equally gloomy. It is a large outfit because it possesses both a bed wagon (right foreground) and a chuck wagon (left middle distance).

Lastly, let us consider the feudal elegance of the historic ranch house and its scatter of impressive corrals and outbuildings. So numerous and picturesque were these spreading haciendas, with their tiled courtyards, terraces, patios, arcades, and vine-covered stoas, that Forbes never seemed to be able to find any to photograph.

In actuality, most ranch houses were bleak and architecturally unaesthetic. They were usually unimaginatively rectangular, designed for a simplicity of construction that would not tax the ingenuity of amateur craftsmen, utilizing materials most easily worked with and readily available. Frequently, these utilitarian structures were built of home-baked brick, adobe, sod, or willow, and displayed limited symmetry and limited durability. The few buildings that sometimes slipped into the scope of Forbes's lens were no better than wickiups with which the improvised corrals of sun-cured twigs blended appropriately.

Forbes's photo collection is a valuable and unostentatiously remarkable parcel of historical evidence of the nature of the old cattleman's estate. It may seem that the use of Forbes's unembellished photographs to undermine a cherished myth is demeaning and unfair to the cowman and cowhand of the past. This is not the intent of the preceding commentary. Myths, properly fashioned and properly interpreted, enhance reality. The vulgarization of myth brutalizes, distorts, and debases reality. There was great virtue, strength, and valor—a genuine quality of the heroic—in the old western ranchers who actually **worked** cattle with their cowhands. They were toughened to hardship and adversity in a manner incomprehensible to the coddled gudgeons of Johnson's "Great Society." But the greatness of these men of the saddle is not secured by turning them into infantile gunslingers and barroom buffoons. □

Owen Ulph *is Professor of History and Humanities at Reed College, specializing in medieval and Renaissance history. His interest in the West and its history stems from the number of years he wrangled cattle, and is sustained today in his working horse ranch in Nevada. A contributing editor of* The American West, *he is the author of the forthcoming novel,* The Leather Throne.

Another drab camp on the lone prairie. No film-producing company would seriously consider employing any of these nondescript hands even as extras. The Indian squatting by the pole on the tent flap might be allowed to grunt for the sound track.

A jovial and convivial scene. The landscape has some character. There are trees and sunshine. The setting and the appearance of some of these cowhands would even appeal to a TV audience.

TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM THE COUNTING HOUSE

Wilson Price Hunt and the Founding of Astoria

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

Wilson Price Hunt was John Jacob Astor's field marshal in the founding of Astoria, and is therefore a figure of some consequence in western history. As leader of the overland Astorians in 1811, he is credited with tracing the first route between the Snake and the Columbia that was to become a key part of the western section of the Oregon Trail. He was not, however, a "mountain man," finding his glory in the wilderness: he was a business man who made one long, adventurous trip west and never thereafter left his counting-room. He was a business man first, last, and always; that he once found himself in the mountain-crossing business was, to him, purely coincidental.

He was born in 1783 in New Jersey, "bred to mercantile pursuits" (as a fellow Astorian later described him), and at the age of twenty-one, he went west to St. Louis and opened a store in partnership with John Hankinson. The year was 1804, when St. Louis first came under the sovereignty of the United States as part of what was then called the Upper Province of Louisiana. Hunt, as a native-born American citizen making his start in life, could scarcely have gotten any closer to the ground floor in setting up shop in this brand new American annex.

John Jacob Astor, in need a few years later of just such a young native-born American merchant in St. Louis, invited Hunt to join his venture into the western fur trade—the venture that was to become the Astoria enterprise.

Hunt departed the firm of Hunt & Hankinson in November, 1809, to go to New York and confer with Astor. From there he went on to Montreal to begin the work of organizing the western expedition. In Montreal he joined forces with two former North West Company fur-traders, Alexander McKay and Donald McKenzie, whom Astor had lured into the business.

The Louisiana Purchase, plus a glowing report from Lewis and Clark on the wealth of beaver in the West, had turned considerable Yankee attention to the western fur trade, which until that time had been largely in the hands of Canadian traders. Astor was the leading fur merchant of the United States in 1808, when he organized the American Fur Company to carry out his grandiose plans for a chain of trading posts along the route of Lewis and Clark, and a monopoly on the Northwest coastal trade with the Russians at Sitka. These operations were to be supplied overland from St. Louis, and also by sea to a main fur depot at the mouth of the Columbia. The supply ships would then carry the furs on across the Pacific to China, the best market for fine peltries. These ships would eventually return with goods from the China trade for Boston and New York, to be met by other Astor ships arriving from Europe with fresh cargoes of cheap Brummagen goods for the Indian fur trade, and the cycle would begin all over again.

The profits at each step would be generous, and the cumulative profits enormous. Nor was the possible political effect (in a West still to be won from British competition) lost on Astor and the government officials, including President Jefferson, with whom he consulted. As Astor told Washington Irving, he considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia "as the emporium to an immense commerce; as a colony that

would form the germ of a wide civilization; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky Mountains and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic."

This plan was to be put in motion with two simultaneous first-phase expeditions. The first would carry men and materials from New York by sea to establish the main depot at the mouth of the Columbia River. The second would be an overland expedition from Mackinac Island, "winning the confidence of the Indians, and ascertaining the points at which trading posts might most properly be located" along the route of Lewis and Clark. Hunt was to be in command of the overland expedition and also of the Columbia River depot when he reached it.

Astor's choice of the inexperienced Hunt to command the overland party, in preference to various of the ex-Nor'westers who had had long experience in the mountains, seems odd; nevertheless, Astor regarded Hunt as his chief lieutenant in the entire operation, and in view of fur trade prejudices and regulations in the new American West, the astute Astor may well have wanted a native-born United States citizen in command.

One contemporary source relates that Hunt and McKenzie (a wilderness veteran) were, at first, co-leaders of the overland expedition, and that a letter from Astor put Hunt in sole command only after the expedition was under way. This interesting plot-point, repeated by a number of authorities, has come under some doubt in recent years.

Several experienced French-Canadian voyageurs signed on in Montreal and several more at Mackinaw, the famous old French trading post on Michilimackinac (now Mackinac) Island, in the strait between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. Here also a young Scottish Canadian-turned-Missourian, whom Hunt had invited by letter, came to join the new company as a partner. He was Ramsay Crooks, later to become a most weighty nabob in the American fur trade. It is very possible (as David Lavender argues reasonably in *The Fist in the Wilderness*) that Hunt had discussed the Astoria project with Crooks and Crooks's partner, Missouri River trader Robert McClellan, before leaving St. Louis.

Formal documents organizing Astor's new enterprise, to be called the Pacific Fur Company, were drawn up in New York on June 23, 1810. Fifty of the one hundred shares issued went to Astor, five each to Alexander McKay, Donald McKenzie, Duncan McDougall, David Stuart (all ex-Nor'westers), Crooks, and Hunt. Two and one-half shares each would go to Robert "McLean" (McClellan), and Joseph Miller, both of whom later joined the expedition. The remaining fifteen shares were reserved for "the use or benefit of the several parties interested in the said Company." As Astor was to advance all the capital, he retained the right to nominate four new partners and to transfer his shares, if he wished, to the parent American Fur Company, which he owned outright. Wilson Price Hunt was specified as the new company's resident agent on the Pacific Coast.

The seaborne expedition—consisting of several partners, clerks, and voyageurs, and a cargo of materials for trade and construction—sailed from New York on September 8, 1810, in the ship *Tonquin*, Jonathan Thorn, master. Two other Astor vessels, the *Beaver* and the *Enterprise*, were already in the Pacific, having sailed during the previous year for the Northwest Coast and Canton. A deal with the Russian government, giving Astor exclusive rights to the Russian Sitka trade, was under way. And finally, Astor had coppered all his bets by confidential offers to negotiate with the North West Company for cooperation rather than competition in the fur trade of the interior and on the Pacific Coast.

The overlanders, forming under Wilson Price Hunt during the summer of 1810, left Michilimackinac in August and traveled by "the usual route" from Green Bay and the Fox and Wisconsin rivers to Prairie du Chien, thence down the Mississippi to St. Louis, arriving early in September. After taking on more men, notably the new partner Joseph Miller, an experienced wilderness hand, they left St. Louis on October 21 and went up the river some four hundred and fifty miles to establish a winter camp. As one of the party's diarists explained, it was cheaper to winter in a distant camp where "five or six hunters can easily provide for forty or fifty men" than among the fleshpots of St. Louis.

The expedition fell considerably behind its original schedule because of delays occasioned by the machinations of rival fur-trading companies in Michilimackinac and St. Louis, according to Washington Irving. Also, while at St. Louis, it was decided to increase the size of

In 1821 Nouvelles Annales des Voyages, *a Parisian journal of world exploration, published the first written account of Wilson Price Hunt's overland journey to the Pacific: "Voyage of Monsieur Hunt and his Companions from St. Louis to the Mouth of the Columbia by a new Route across the Rocky Mountains." The map accompanying the article, shown on the next two pages, inaccurately traced that "new route," as seen in the barely discernible dotted line near the center of the map. A corrected version of Hunt's route is shown in the solid line, while the more northerly route of Lewis and Clark in 1804-05 is illustrated by a broken line.*

Longitude du Meridien de Paris

Nouvelles Annales des Voyages Tome III Pag.

CARTE
DE LA PARTIE OCCIDENTALE
DES ÉTATS-UNIS,

Dressée pour servir à l'intelligence des découvertes des Américains dans cette partie *et notamment* pour celles de MM. Hunt et Stuart, faites en 1811 et 12

par le Chev.r LAPIE, Géographe

1821.

RUPERTS LAND OU NOUVELLE BRETAGNE

GRAND OCÉAN MER DU SUD OU PACIFIQUE

MEXIQUE

TERRITOIRE DES MISSOURIS

TERRITOIRE DU NORD OUEST

Echelle de

the party from thirty to sixty men, and finding so many qualified men took time.

There are a number of well-known contemporary accounts of the journey of the overland Astorians. Chief among these is Irving's *Astoria,* written from later conversations with the participants as well as from contemporary records. One of the few great chronicles of America's westward movement, it has been shown by its modern editor, Edgely W. Todd, to be as sound and accurate as most historical documentation, perhaps more so than some. Its mandarinism, snobbery, arrogant Yankee prejudices (for example its frequent disparagement of French Canadians) were tics of the age, not of the author. All these contemporary accounts, so far as can be determined, speak well of Wilson Price Hunt, not only as an organizer and administrator but also as an able and courageous field commander. He combined the "mildest" and most "amicable" of dispositions with firmness and boldness, when needed.

Some later writers have been critical of Hunt. For example, Chittenden concludes that his "conduct of the overland expedition was not efficient" and that he "was not the man for the place." H. H. Bancroft was hotly critical of the entire Astoria undertaking (and particularly of Washington Irving's account of it).

The expedition's winter camp was at the mouth of the Nodaway River, a few miles below the junction of the present-day borders of Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. Another Pacific Fur Company partner, Robert McClellan (Ramsay Crooks's ex-partner), joined the Astorians here. At least one other American hunter, John Day, was also recruited at this winter camp.

Hunt returned to St. Louis for the winter (presumably immune to its fleshpots) and signed on more men, including one expert of great value, Pierre Dorion, a half-breed Sioux interpreter. On the other hand, a number of American hunters previously recruited at St. Louis deserted the expedition during its winter camp, and presumably Hunt had to hire Canadians in their stead. According to one Astorian (Alexander Ross, who went by sea and saw Hunt only in Oregon), Hunt was "grave, steady, and straightforward . . . detested the volatile gaiety and ever-changing character of the Canadian voyageurs." He preferred American hunters, but these rugged individualists were touchy when it came to company discipline and quick to go over the hill.

One of the Americans who left the expedition at the winter camp on the Nodaway was probably Caleb Greenwood, "Old Greenwood," as he was known later when he became a mountain man of renown. Several other later celebrities in the literature of the West, among them Edward Rose and Samuel Chambers, had some connection, brief or otherwise, with this early expedition.

The overlanders, as they headed up the river on April 21, 1811, consisted of almost sixty people in four boats: forty Canadian *engages,* several American hunters, the interpreter Dorion with his wife (an Iowa Indian girl) and two children, a clerk named John Reed ("a rough, warm-hearted, brave, old Irishman"), and the five company partners. They were accompanied on the first leg of the trip by the touring English naturalist John Bradbury and the young botanist Thomas Nuttall.

The following weeks of pushing upriver were filled with back-breaking toil and tense encounters with roving bands of Sioux. A few more men quit—some openly, some quietly between dark and dawn. Wandering hunters or trappers were hired to take their places. Two of these replacements were Ben Jones and Alexander Carson, who had been working the headwaters of the Missouri for two years. Three others—John Hoback, Jacob Reznor, and Edward Robinson—were Missouri Fur Company veterans from Andrew Henry's Detachment on Henry's Fork of the Snake, three wanderers who were to become almost legendary footnote-figures in the annals of the western mountains.

These new arrivals were experts on the lands beyond the Missouri. All agreed that the Lewis and Clark route Hunt had intended to follow would not be as good as a more southerly route, which would offer an easier crossing of the mountains and safety from the hostile Blackfeet, who ruled the most northerly reaches of the Missouri. Accordingly, it was decided to leave the river at the Arikara towns, 450 miles sooner than originally planned.

A week or so before reaching the Arikara towns (in present South Dakota, near the North Dakota line), the Astorians were overtaken by a party under the command of Manuel Lisa, king of the Missouri River fur traders. Lisa had left St. Louis nineteen days after Hunt's departure and had caught up with him after two months of fast and furious keelboating. Each party suspected the other of conspiracy with this or that Indian group, and a few old grudges added to the friction until fists, knives, and pistols were unlimbered. Hunt even challenged Lisa to a duel. All was made sweetness and light, however,

when Lisa spoke up on behalf of the Hunt party among the Arikaras, with whom he was reputed to have great influence.

Thereafter, Lisa assisted Hunt in trading for horses with the Arikara people. He himself furnished fifty or so horses from his Missouri Fur Company fort (located seven miles beyond the Mandan towns, which in turn were some one hundred and eighty miles upriver from the Arikara towns) in exchange for several boats the Astorians were abandoning.

With eighty-two horses, most of them loaded with baggage (an indication of the expedition's wealth in supplies and merchandise), the overlanders headed west from the Arikara towns on July 18, guided for the Crow country by Edward Rose. At this point, according to Hunt's journal, the party numbered sixty-five persons, including Dorion's wife and two children.

They traveled southwest to cross Rampart Creek (present-day Oak Creek), which joined the Missouri a few miles below the Arikara towns, and after two or three days picked up the present Grand River, known to the Astorians as Big River or *Ourned-Porehou*. Here they ran across a camp of Cheyennes, from whom Hunt bought thirty-six more horses. The Little Missouri was reached on August 14, and Powder River on the 23rd. A week later, as they traveled the Big Horn Mountains, they came upon a Crow Indian camp. Here Edward Rose remained—much to Hunt's relief, for he found Rose a "villainous and audacious rogue" and was ready to suspect him of all manner of dastardly plots.

They followed the Big Horn and Wind into the Wind River Mountains, crossing the Continental Divide, probably by the pass now called Union Pass, to pick up the Green River, called by them the "Spanish River" (the name used by the Indians). From a band of Snake Indians encountered on Green River, they bought a large quantity of buffalo jerky to add to the supply already laid in by their own hunters.

They turned west on a stream today named Hoback River and reached the Snake (called "Mad River" by the trappers) on September 27. Immediately they began searching for trees large enough to make into canoes. The Snake was known to be a principal tributary of the Columbia; what Hunt's people did not know was that it writhed its way to the Columbia through some of the most impassable canyons and unshootable rapids in the West.

A couple of days were spent searching for canoe-wood and felling sample trees—all too small—until a scouting party reported that the river ahead was not navigable, a warning echoed by two Snake Indians who had been with them since the Crow country. Therefore, the party continued overland, guided by the two Indians, to Henry's Fort (unoccupied) on Henry's Fork of the Snake, near the present St. Anthony, Idaho. Here they found cottonwoods large enough to make pirogues; and the river, a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards wide, appeared tame enough to carry them. Boats were fashioned forthwith, and the expedition took to the water.

This decision to abandon horses and trust to the river was made, says Irving, after a consultation among all the partners, in which the vote "was almost unanimous for embarkation." Irving then says that partner Joseph Miller ("being troubled with a bodily malady that rendered travelling on horseback extremely irksome") was displeased because they did not embark precipitately enough. Before the party was actually ready to embark, Miller resigned his partnership and rode away on horseback with a party of trappers detached to work out from Henry's Fort.

Furs had been collected by hunting or trading all along the route, wherever occasion offered, but now detachments of men were dropped off to make full-scale fall hunts and pack their catch either to the headquarters post at the mouth of the Columbia or to Henry's Fort, which would be taken over as an outpost. Four men (one of them Alexander Carson) were thus left on Hoback River, and five, including Miller (and Hoback, Reznor, and Robinson, who had been here before), on Henry's Fork. The rest of the party cached their saddles and shoved off down the river on October 19. The horses—about seventy-seven head, the makings of a considerable mountain fortune—were left in the care of the two young Snake Indians. Apparently only four horses were apportioned for Miller's detachment, which was meant to remain in this locality. One wonders why so few, for even granting Miller's malady, horses here were of great value as objects of trade, and a few more would presumably have been as secure in the possession of Miller's detachment as in the custody of the two young Shoshones.

Ten heartbreaking days after embarking on the river, having suffered the death of one voyageur and the loss of several boatloads of goods, the Astorians found themselves confronted with an absolutely impassable river.

Here, a few miles east of present Twin Falls, Idaho,

Continued on page 61

Princess Angeline

BY MURRAY MORGAN

THEY CALLED HER ANGELINE. She was one of the most photographed Indians of her day, and wondrous ugly. As an admirer noted, "Her portraits flattered her."

Angeline was an Indian princess, at least as the whites classified Indian princesses—the daughter of an Indian who signed a treaty giving up tribal lands. Her story is the story of a people's decline.

She was born at Port Madison on Puget Sound, in about 1820. (When she was old, it became fashionable to set her birthdate even earlier.) Whatever the exact date, it fell between the time Puget Sound was explored and the time it was settled. She was a child when the Hudson's Bay Company established its farm up the Sound at Nisqually, a widow when, in 1851, the whites founded a town and named it after her father—Seattle.

In old age she recalled that she grew up in the woods among beautiful flowers and never dug a clam or washed a bowl until after her marriage. "My father had many slaves," she boasted "I did not even know how to open an oyster."

She married Dokub Cud, an Indian, half-Skagit, half-Cowichan, and bore two daughters before he died. One of her girls married a white merchant who prospered at smoking herring; the other, a white drunk who drove the girl to suicide. She left a son, whom Angeline raised.

Catharine Maynard, the wife of an alcoholic physician who was one of Seattle's founders, recalled meeting "the comely widow Cud" in 1853. On hearing her name was Kick-is-om-lo Cud, Mrs. Maynard declared, "You are too good looking to carry around such a name, and I now christen you 'Angeline' "

Angeline it was, until years later the sons of the settlers added the "Princess." Ennoblement came long after Angeline's father, as a spokesman for the Duwamish tribe, signed a treaty with Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens ceding title to local tribal lands in return for promised gifts, never delivered. The grateful townsfolk named their community for the Chief, but Seattle chose not to live in the town. He moved to the reservation across the Sound and died there, of heartbreak or ague, in 1866.

Angeline chose to live in town. Mrs. Maynard taught her to iron and sew and launder, but while Angeline condescended to work for the new owners, she was not humble. A wrong word and she might tip over the laundry bucket, wipe her sudsy hands on the curtains, and stomp out. In addition, she feuded with the boys of the town, particularly the mildly delinquent son of the King County sheriff, who teased her as she shuffled along the streets. Once she chased him into Meydenbauer's Grocery on Commercial Street, and when he looked up from behind a counter, caught him in the eye with a well-thrown potato. Her aim was not always so good. When the sheriff's son splashed paint on her as she passed below a scaffolding, she pelted him with clams, breaking several windows.

Seattle came to be proud of her. Someone—probably Henry Yesler, whose steam-mill gave Seattle its first economic prominence—built her a 12′ by 12′ cabin of rough planks. There she lived with her grandson and innumerable dogs, and received the visiting tourists who wished to meet Indian royalty. When President Benjamin Harrison came to town on a rainy afternoon in May of 1891, Angeline was presented to him in red bandana, black shawl clasped with a huge safety pin, voluminous skirt, and bare feet.

Legends fastened themselves to her like barnacles. She was a century old. She had brought warning from her father when the Yakimas and Nisquallies planned to attack the town in 1856. She had secret wealth. The latter was, in a sense, true. She possessed the Indian attitude toward material things: what she had, she shared; what she needed, she asked for. "No, I have tea. Give me some sugar, please." The old-timers seldom turned her down

When Henry Yesler, the closest friend of her old age, died, she gave an interview in Chinook. (She understood English but seldom spoke it, except to rebuke the town boys in Anglo-Saxon expletives that delighted them.) "Tell the people I feel very badly over Mr. Yesler. My heart is heavy. The older settlers are passing, and the white people who come now do not know me."

A few years later, in 1896, Angeline died in her little cabin. The townsfolk built her a coffin in the form of a canoe and turned out for her funeral in such numbers that not all could get into the Church of Our Lady of Good Help.

"The well-remembered red bandana covers her head," her obituary noted, "and her form is encompassed in a handsome brown shroud. Angeline looks better dead than alive." □

Murray Morgan, *an ex-longshoreman, is author of* The Last Wilderness; Skid Road: An Informal Portrait of Seattle; One Man's Gold Rush, *and other books. Winner of a Pulitzer Prize scholarship and a former editor of* Time, *he is presently a newspaperman, radio commentator, and editor in the state of Washington.*

In the Lodge of VI-PO-NA

A Visit to the Cheyenne

BY LEWIS H. GARRARD

Editor's note: *In 1846 Lewis Garrard headed west from St. Louis on the trail to Santa Fe and Taos, carrying with him little more than a rifle, some cash, a few calico shirts, a notebook, and a determination to keep a record of his adventures. The narrative of his wanderings was first published in 1850 as "Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail," one of the most lively and historically valuable accounts we have of the Santa Fe trade, the Indians of the southwestern border country, the life and times of Taos and Santa Fe, and the American conquest and reconquest of New Mexico during the opening months of the Mexican War.*

Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail has recently been reissued by the American West Publishing Company in a facsimile reproduction of the handsome Grabhorn Press edition of 1936 (for further information see page 58).

The following excerpt from Garrard's narrative tells of an excursion to a Cheyenne village on the Purgatoire River, where Garrard and his companions were received with full hospitality by Chief Vi-Po-Na and the members of his lodge. Among the many sights, sounds, and smells of the Indian encampment that Garrard recorded in bold detail were the dressing habits of the resident squaws, whom he considered "a pleasing and desirable change from the sight of the pinched waists and constrained motions of the women of the states . . . ; these daughters of the prairie dressed loosely—free to act, unconfined by the ligatures of fashion."

On the evening of the 8th of November I started for the Indian village with John Smith. Yes! John Smith! the veritable John Smith! After leaving cities, towns, steamboats, and the civilized world, and traversing the almost boundless plains; here at the base of the Rocky Mountains, among buffalo, wild Indians, traders, and Spanish mules, have I found a John Smith. And probably for fear the name might become extinct, he has named his little half-breed boy, John, whom we called Jack for brevity's sake.

Pierre, a good Canadian, drove the four-mule wagon in which was our bedding, a little provision, and an outfit for mule trading. Smith's squaw, a woman of thirty years or about, with prominent cheek bones and other Indian peculiarities, rode astride of a high-pommeled Indian saddle. The horse was decked out with a saddle cover of blue cloth worked according to fancy with many-colored beads, and tin pellets pendant from the fringed edges, covering him from withers to rump. Little Jack, three or four years of age, clung behind his mother, plainly showing in his complexion and features the mingling of American and Indian blood. His gray eyes were continually centered on me; but I could say nothing intelligible to him, as he spoke only the Cheyenne tongue. A boy ten years old, son of Smith's squaw (a full-blood), cantered along on a pony.

We went down the river bank to the mouth of *Rio los Animas* or *Purgatoire*, and stopped in a grove of young cottonwood. Hard by in a marshy spot grew many rushes, on which our small *caballada* fared well. Ours was a nice little camp. The sun in setting cast long shadows through the trees on the gray grass so calm and solemn; the smoke curled upward in a continuous blue line, losing itself high in the open space; and the air was cool enough to be bracing and to render the fire agreeable. On an outspread robe at one side of the fire sat Jack and his mother; Smith sharing the seat with them; myself, cross-legged, looked around with silent satisfaction and admiration; and Pierre, a short distance off, was gathering wood for the night.

The squaw lifted the coffeepot from the coals & we unstrapped our tincups from the saddles; with dried, pounded buffalo meat and the *sine qua non* of the mountaineer—the pipe—we did well, talking and smoking until the fire grew dim, when we separated. Wrapping up in my blankets & covering my nose from the frost, I watched the stars in the clear, blue vault above, and listened to the distant howl of the coyote until I unconsciously fell asleep.

> *The wolves have preyed; and, look, the gentle day,*
> *Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about,*
> *Dapples the east wth spots of drowsy gray.*

Shortly after sunrise we were once more in the saddle. Our animals, with rush-distended stomachs, gave prospect of doing good service. The route was the same over which Lee, Drinker, and myself passed the day we started in advance of the train. We were then too wet to enjoy anything.

We had much to speak of: Smith of the States; & to my many inquiries of the Indians he expatiated at length on their customs, food, and easy life. Of the viands, he lauded *dog's* flesh to the very skies; on my expressions of abhorrence at the thought, he said:

"I bet I'll make you eat dogmeat in the village, and you'll say it's good, and the best you ever hid in your 'meatbag,' " (stomach).

"No you will not," rejoined I; "the mere idea is enough to sicken one—slimy pupmeat! ugh! not enough of the carnivorous in me for that; besides buffalo meat, in my opinion, cannot be surpassed for delicacy of flavor in this or any other country."

"Well, hos! I'll dock off buffler, and then if thar's any meat that 'runs' can take the shine outen 'dog,' you can slide."

I still persisted that there was no convincing me; and though firmly believing that "dog" could not pass, yet in this country circumstances bring us down to many things which before seem impossible; and no one can tell but that a piece of *old mule* would be quite acceptable, ere passing through the fiery ordeal of a year in the Far West. Indeed, we had already eaten the next thing to mule and nothing—broken down steermeat. Oh grief! my jaws ache to think of the sobby *dejeuners* in the soaking rain, of old steer; or as the Canadians termed it, *sacre boeuf*.

In a narrow bottom well sheltered by abrupt hills, we made our stay for the night. Turning out our animals and fixing things rightly, Smith & I waded the river, where among the underbrush and tall marshgrass we had a few shots at a band of white-tailed deer.

At twelve o'clock the next day we came to three Indian

lodges where we found William Bent's squaw and her mother, on their way to the Fort. We were invited to the back part of the lodge, where dried, pounded cherries, mixed with buffalo marrow, and a root, eaten raw, resembling in taste and appearance the *Jerusalem artichoke,* were set before us. Whiffing the long pipe with the clever inmates, we remounted.

Toward evening Smith pointed to some objects, inquiring of me what they were, but I could not guess aright. "That's the village," said he. Mountain men can distinguish objects which to a novice in prairie ken have no tangible form or size. By sundown we were at the lodges, whose conical shape and dusky yellow hue looked oddly but welcome to our tired eyes and limbs.

It is Indian rule that the first lodge that a stranger enters on visiting a village is his home during his stay—whether invited or not it is all the same—and as we wished to be at the "Lean Chief's," we inquired for him. Without saying a word, or going in the lodge first, we unsaddled in front of it, putting our "possibles" in the back part, the most honored and pleasant place, for there is no passing by or other annoyance.

The owner occupies the back of the lodge, which is given up for a guest; & the Lean Chief's squaw and daughters removed his robes, etc., to one side. The women & children crowded around us while unsaddling; the strange dress and appearance of the boys attracted my attention; which latter from their infancy to the age of six and seven go without a particle of clothing, *dans costume a l'Adam*—a string of beads around the neck. The girls are clothed from the earliest hour.

The white man is always welcome with the Cheyenne, as he generally has *mok-ta-bo, mah-pe*—coffee. We went in the lodge; the grave-looking head, *Vip-po-na,* or the Lean Chief, and his two solemn coadjutors, shook hands with us with the salutation of, *Hook-ah-hay! num-whit!* —equivalent to *Welcome, how do you do;* & then they relapsed into silence. Water was handed us to drink, as they suppose a traveler must be thirsty after riding; then meat was set before us, as they think a tired man needs refreshment. When we had finished the pipe was passed around, during which soothing pastime the news were asked.

There is much to admire in this praiseworthy forbearance; and although the Indians are as curious as any people, yet through their consideration the cravings of hunger and thirst are first satisfied; then under the communicative influence of the long pipe the topics of the season are discussed.

We made known our business and immediately a "crier" was sent out. Throwing back the skin door of the lodge, he protruded his head and then his whole body, and uttered in a stentorian voice, something similar to the following, *"Hibbolo, Hibbolo! Poome, ho-o-o, nah wah-he, se-ne-mone, nah tah-ti-ve woh-pshe-o-nun, nah mok-ta-bo woh-pshe-o-nun, nah woh-pi woh-pshe-o-nun, nah-mo-tah-ke, nah o-ne-ah-wokst;"* meaning in regular succession, that "Blackfoot (Smith), had come for mules; and all who wished to come and trade; that we had tobacco, blue blankets, black (deep blue) blankets, white blankets, knives, and beads."

We were comfortably situated; the lodge was large enough to admit of our lying with feet to the fire—made true Indian fashion—in a small space, and heaped continually in a rounding, compact form. As the night waned apace we were visited by the prominent men; who in a dignified manner shook hands with us and sat with crossed legs, propounding questions: *ad interim* passing the pipe. As each Indian appeared at the lodge-entrance, *Hook-ah-hay* or *num-whit* (the mode of congratulation) escaped his lips; to which a like response was given by the landlord or us.

We sat in our places at the back part, and the Indians according to rank took seats to our left, on mother earth or their own robes. To the right was our host; and if a man entitled to notice by right of seniority or daring deeds of valor entered, those inferior in honors gave place next the white man (us). Sometimes Indians of equal rank were in the lodge at the same time, and then a *sotto voce* dispute as to the "upper seat" would be carried on with much gesticulatory motion.

Their dusky faces viewed by the yellow blaze, together with the unintelligible jargon, filled me with new & strange thoughts; and when the old crones swung the seething, black pot of meat from the fire of dried sticks, I could not but think of the gypsy tribes, who possess many traits resembling theirs; and who in common with them have an unconquerable love for roaming.

One by one the grave councilors took their leave. When the fire grew low all had retired to bed but myself, puffing, slowly, a pipe, uninterruptedly thinking of all the analogies written (that I had read) between the In-

dians, Hebrews, and gypsies; but presently, through the wreaths of white smoke, the sleeping face of our host's daughter, just visible in the expiring light, intercepted the delivery of a grave dissertation in imagination to an intelligent audience. Then I mused of her awhile until the neglected pipe dropping out of my hand roused me from a doze; so reaching around for the blankets and cutting a piece of dried "buffler" to "chew," I folded my hands over my breast, and traced with my eye the lodge-poles running way up to a center, which in the vacillating, dying flame were alternately revealed and hidden, until I thought I was dead and sentenced forever to run backward up and down seventeen lodge-poles for the amusement of a merry set of laughing devils, and in that state I fell asleep, undisturbed but by the occasional baying of a village dog or the dismal howl of a coyote.

Early in the morning we sat round the fire, waiting for the host's meat to cook, to which we contributed the coffee--the most important and rare addition.

The Indians talked of moving to the "Big Timber" a few miles above, and soon the village was in commotion; the young men driving up their different bands of horses; the squaws catching them. Some took down the lodges, and tying the poles in two bundles, fastened them on either side of a mule or horse, like the shafts of a dray--the lower ends dragging the ground; and behind the horse a tray-shaped basket or hoop latticed with hide-thongs was tied on these poles, in which were put the children too young to ride alone, and other things not easily carried on a horse. Some of the mules were saddled, & on each side were slung square bags of thick buffalo hide divested of hair, in which stone hammers, dubbers, bowls, horn spoons, etc., were thrown.

The skin of which these convenient hampers are made is called *par flêche*--a French term anglicized, as are many other foreign words in the mountains, by general usage. Its literal meaning is "arrow fender," or "warder"; for from it the prairie Indians construct their almost impenetrable shields. Moccasin soles is the principal use, for which purpose it is admirably suited, it being pliant to the foot, while it serves as a protection from the cactus, growing so prolifically in this country. Without care, one in walking will stumble over these, and the long, slender thorns penetrating with ease cause an acute, stinging pain, worse even than nettles. Being without socks most of the time (and none to be had), often, while hunting, a hole would wear in the toe of my moccasin, & unavoidably the thorns would stick most painfully. My "big toe" looked like a lady's finger punctured in sewing.

The village was ere long in motion. Looking back to the old site, we saw nothing but eighteen thin pillars of smoke finding their way to the upper air, marking where had been the lodges; pieces of old, cast-off robes, and the usual debris of a deserted Indian camp; which, with a few snarling coyotes and large gray wolves, were all the signs of life remaining in the bustling town.

Each lodge had its own band of horses, which presented a strange appearance; eighteen or more bands close to each other, walking along but not mixing; each band following a favorite mare, or perchance a woe-begone, scrawny mule not worth the powder and ball to kill it. It is a strange and general fact that *caballadas* are mostly led by a no-account mare or mule--the greatest devil in the drove. They follow their erratic leader everywhere like sheep, whether jumping, running, or grazing.

The animals with the lodge-pole *travées* jogged along, no care being taken of them, while the fat, little inmates laughed, or with "wond'ring eyes" stared at us silently.

The young squaws take much care of their dress and horse equipments; they dash furiously past on wild steeds, astride of the high-pommeled saddles. A fancifully colored cover worked with beads or porcupine quills, making a flashy, striking appearance, extended from wethers to rump of the horse, while the riders evinced an admirable daring, worthy of Amazons. Their dresses were made of buckskin, high at the neck, short sleeves, or rather none at all, fitting loosely and reaching obliquely to the knee, giving a relieved, Diana look to the costume; the edges scalloped, worked with beads, and fringed. From the knee downward the limb was encased in a tightly fitting leggin, terminating in a neat moccasin --both handsomely worked with beads. On the arms were bracelets of brass which glittered & reflected in the radiant morning sun, adding much to their attractions. In their pierced ears shells from the Pacific shore were pendant; and to complete the picture of *savage* taste and profusion, their fine complexions were eclipsed by a coat of flaming vermillion.

Altogether it was a pleasing & desirable change from the sight of the pinched waists and constrained motions of the women of the States, to see these daughters of the prairie dressed loosely--free to act, unconfined by the

ligatures of fashion; but I do not wish to be understood that I prefer seeing our women dressed *a la Cheyenne,* as it is a costume forbidden by modesty; the ornaments gaudy and common, and altogether unfit for a civilized woman to wear; but here where novelty constitutes the charm, 'twas indeed a relief to the eye.

Many of the largest dogs were packed with a small quantity of meat, or something not easily injured. They looked queerly, trotting industriously under their burdens; and judging from a small stock of canine physiological information, not a little of the wolf was in their composition. These dogs are extremely muscular, and are compactly built.

We crossed the river on our way to the new camp; the alarm manifested by the *ki-kun*—children—in the lodge-pole drays, as they dipped in the water, was amusing; the little fellows holding their breaths, not daring to cry, looked imploringly at their inexorable mothers, and were encouraged by words of approbation from their stern fathers. Regaining the grassy bottom, we once more went in a fast walk.

The different colored horses, the young beaux, the bold, bewildering belles, and the newness of the scene, was gratifying in the extreme to my unaccustomed senses. After a ride of two hours we stopped, and the chiefs, fastening their horses, collected in circles to smoke the pipe and talk, letting their squaws unpack the animals, pitch the lodges, build fires, arrange the robes, and when all was ready these "lords of creation" dispersed to their several homes to wait until their patient and enduring spouses prepared some food. I was provoked, nay, angry, to see the lazy, overgrown men do nothing to help their wives: and when the young women pulled off their bracelets and finery to *chop wood,* the cup of my wrath was full to overflowing, and in a fit of honest indignation I pronounced them ungallant and savage in the true sense of the word. A wife here is indeed a helpmeet.

Once more ensconced in the back part of Vip-po-nah's lodge, we felt at home. A large wooden bowl of meat was set before us, to which, with coffee, we did ample justice.

The horses belonging to an Indian community are numerous; with us there were nearly or quite two hundred of different colors & sizes, scattered over the gentle hillsides in picturesque groups.

After two days' entertaining sojourn at the village we left with four fine mules, for the Fort, which place we reached at the close of the second evening, where we found the employees reloading the wagons for a start to Santa Fé. I learned that Colonel Donaphan's regiment, with which I wished to travel, had left Santa Fé; and being pleased with Indian life, I returned with Smith and William Bent, with full complements of goods for robe trading. We encamped the first night on an island in the river, with plenty of wood and grass near, and sheltered by a patch of high weeds from the winds.

Crossing the clear stream on the firm sandy bottom, we regained the trace early in the morning, and at night after a continuous day's jog we were at the village. William Bent stayed in his own lodge; Smith and I in Vip-po-nah's, by whom we were welcomed.

The air was much cooler than before; quantities of thin ice floated down the gliding river current. It was right pleasant to get back and be surrounded by Indians.

THE MORNING CAME, and we were somewhat occupied in trading, but robes were scarce, the buffalo hair not being in prime order.

This morning was one of November's most genial days. About ten o'clock I walked out and sat on a dry cottonwood log to admire the rural and domestic scene. The grass was green in many places—the majestic cottonwoods, not yet entirely robbed of their foliage, upreared their imposing trunks, while the branches gracefully overhung the clean, wind-swept grass.

I sat long — collecting and embodying the thoughts and actions of the past four months, summing up the whole with a glance at my then present situation. My companions were rough men — used to the hardships of a mountaineer's life — whose manners are blunt and whose speech is rude — men driven to the western wilds with embittered feelings — with better natures shattered — with hopes blasted — to seek in the dangers of the war-path fierce excitement and banishment of care. The winter snow wreaths drift over them unheeded, & the nightwind howling around their lonely camp is heard with calm indifference. Yet these aliens from society, these strangers to the refinements of civilized life who will tear off a bloody scalp with even grim smiles of satisfaction, are fine fellows, full of fun and often kind and obliging. □

AN OLD TIME FOURTH OF JULY

. . . wherein curious Folkways of our Forebears are demonstrated in appropriate Settings

Editor's Note: As the exhibits on the following pages gradually fell into place, they not only snapped at each other for precedence but nibbled and nibbled away at — and finally gobbled up — the space that was allotted to the sensitive yet dramatic insights that were to be contained in the general introduction. As a result, there is nothing for it but to get right to the heart of the matter, as it were, where **Technique** is seen as the crystalline form of gaseous **Philosophy.**

HOW TO FIRE AN ANVIL: Take two anvils. Place one upright on the earth, a stump, or other sturdy platform. Fill the little square hole with blasting powder. Lay fuse (with dynamite cap! if available) and place second anvil upside down on top of first anvil. Stand back: if the top anvil is of inferior workmanship, it may fail to rise majestically heavenward, but fly into chunks and pass through the crowd like a whiff of grapeshot.

So, now that you have a grasp of fundamentals, take a look at how they did the Fourth . . .

An Old Time Fourth . . . BY J. S. HOLLIDAY, from '49er Diaries

ON THE GOLD RUSH TRAIL . . .

. . . in which Disgust besets a Ranger and a Thumb is parted from a Rover

AT THE CAMP of the Wolverine Rangers, on the South Platte, July 4, 1849, as recorded by William B. Swain: We lay abed late this morn. After a late breakfast, we set about getting fuel for cooking our celebration dinner.

Our celebration of the day was very good, much better than I anticipated. . . . At twelve o'clock we formed a procession and walked under our national flag to the stand to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner." The president of the day called the meeting to order. We listened to a prayer by Rev. Mr. Hobart, then remarks and the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. Pratt, and then the address by Mr. Sexton. We then listened to "Hail Columbia," Horace Ladd making music with the bugle. This celebration was very pleasing, especially the address, which was well delivered and good enough for any assembly at home.

We then marched to the "hall," which was formed by running the wagons in two rows close enough together for the wagon covers to reach from one to the other, thus forming a fine hall roofed by the covers and a comfortable place for the dinner table, which was set down the center.

Dinner consisted of: ham; beans, boiled and baked; biscuits; john cake; apple pie; sweet cake; rice pudding; pickles; vinegar; pepper sauce and mustard; coffee; sugar; and milk. All enjoyed it well.

After dinner the toasting commenced. The boys had raked and scraped together all the brandy they could, and they toasted, hurrayed, and drank till reason was out and brandy was in. I stayed till the five regular toasts were drunk; and then, being disgusted with their conduct, I went to our tent, took my pen, and occupied the remainder of the day in writing to my wife, in which I enjoyed myself better than those who were drinking, carousing, and hallooing all around the camp.

While at Sublette's Cutoff, with William J. Watson: We took all the extra powder that we had and put it into a keg and wrapped it with two tablecloths and three log chains. . . . Taking it up on the hill we sunk it two feet deep, put a slow match to it (and firing a national salute three times, with twenty rifles besides our pistols) when our magazine exploded, seeming to make the neighboring mountains shake.

And at Deer Creek Crossing, as seen by William B. Lorton, of the Buckeye Rovers: In all we had several hundred in our lines, firing round after round, with a sentiment in between. One was *"Washington! It shall be a password even in the wilderness."* Also, "Three cheers for old Zac. . . . For our sweethearts and wives. . . ." We then fired a gun for every state in the union and a volley for California and the gold diggings. In this salute one of the Rovers got a thumb shot off. . . .

Meanwhile, back at the Platte, where we left William Swain sitting in his tent, thinking and thinking: Many thoughts of home have crowded upon me today: the state of things there; if they are as they usually are; what enjoyment George is in; how Mother is; my dear Sabrina, how she is enjoying herself; my little girl, how she looks, how much she can talk, how large she is; where they are, whether they send a thought or a wish after me; and what they think of my Fourth here in the land of the desert. I am afraid that they will be greatly concerned about me, as they will unquestionably hear that the cholera is on the route. But I hope this will not reach their ears and that their cup of enjoyment may be running over and that I may arrive safely at home again to enjoy their society.

At night the boys danced by moonlight on the grass, or rather on the sand.

Note: The accounts quoted are from the William B. Swain diary (Yale University Library); William J. Watson's *Journal of an Overland Journey . . . in 1849* (Jacksonville, Ill., 1851); and William B. Lorton's diary in the manuscript collections of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

J. S. Holliday *is Director of the Oakland Museum, Associate Editor of* The American West, *and author of* A Pocket Full of Rocks, *a forthcoming study of the California Gold Rush.*

An Old Time Fourth . . . BY JAMES G. SWAN, The Northwest Coast **(1857)**

AT SHOALWATER BAY...

. . . where Preparations are laid and wretched Excess ensues

AFTER MY RETURN from Chenook, nothing of any particular interest transpired till toward the first of July, when it was announced to me that the boys, as the oystermen were termed, intended celebrating the 4th of July at my tent; and accordingly, as the time drew near, all hands were engaged in making preparations; for it was not intended that I should be at the expense of the celebration, but only bear my proportionate part. The day was ushered in by a tremendous bonfire, which Baldt and myself kindled on Pine Island, which was answered by every one who had a gun and powder blazing away. Toward two o'clock they began to assemble, some coming in boats, others in canoes, and a few by walking round the beach, which they could easily do at any time after the tide was quarter ebb.

Each one brought something: one had a great oyster pie, baked in a milk-pan; another had a boiled ham; a third brought a cold pudding; others had pies, doughnuts, or loaves of bread; and my neighbor Russell came, bringing with him a long oration of his own composing, and half a dozen boxes of sardines. When all were assembled, the performances were commenced by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. St. John, extracts from Webster's oration at Boston on Adams and Jefferson, then Russell's oration, which was followed by the banquet, and after that a feu-de-joie by the guns and rifles of the whole company.

These ceremonies over, it was proposed to close the performances for the day by going on top of the cliff opposite, and make a tremendous big blaze. This was acceded to, and some six or eight immediately crossed the creek and soon scrambled to the top of the hill, where we found an old hollow cedar stump about twenty feet high. We could enter this on one side, and found it a mere shell of what had once been a monster tree.

I had with me a little rifle, which measured, stock and all, but three feet long. With this I measured across the space, and found it was just six lengths of my rifle, or eighteen feet, and the tree undoubtedly, when sound, must have measured, with the bark on, at least sixty feet in circumference.

We went to work with a will, and soon had the old stump filled full of dry spruce limbs, which were lying about in great quantities, and then set fire to the whole. It made the best bonfire I ever saw; and after burning all night and part of the next day, finally set fire to the forest, which continued to burn for several months, till the winter rains finally extinguished it. The party broke up at an early hour, and all declared that, with the exception of the absence of a cannon, they never had a pleasanter "fourth."

The happening at Shoalwater Bay occurred in 1853. Swan's The Northwest Coast *was republished in 1966 by Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Washington.*

An Old Time Fourth . . . BY RICHARD REINHARDT, from Frank H. Gassaway, the San Francisco Evening Post (1882)

AT SANTA CRUZ...

. . . where urban Militia ruralizes and sound Strategy checkmates nefarious Tactics

SHOCKING as the statement may appear to patriotic ears, there is no question that the celebration of the Fourth in the good old style of our fathers is becoming a lost art. The hand that lit the first fire-cracker on Independence Day struck a blow at the popularity of that holiday that becomes more apparent every year. Those instruments of auricular torture have practically converted the great moment of national exultation into a season of compound headaches, and he must indeed be an impoverished and unfortunate mortal who will stay in any large city during the bomb-exploding period. This fatal mistake of surrendering our great general holiday into the hands of hoodlums and small boys, to be made hideous by every Chinese-invented device for the rupture of the ear is, after all, the foremost reason for the gradual decline of any desire of "celebrating" among the more conservative elements of society.

Any one who visits the cool, handsome, peaceful-looking encampment here of the crack Companies F and G, and the Oakland Light Cavalry, on the hill just back of "Pope's," can but admit that the blue-coats have done well to escape the hot cobblestone of the city this sultry weather. The thoughtful civilian, as he gazes at their snowy tents and well-filled mess-tables, begins to appreciate one of the few compensations left to reconcile our amateur soldiers to the service. We say few compensations, because the lot of the militiaman under existing affairs is not a happy one, and there should be little surprise that interest in state military affairs is growing slacker every day.

The cause of this is the total want of any incentive or healthy ambition among the privates. It is all very well to be an officer, with the privileges that always attach to gold-lace to requite their loss of time and trouble; but to the linesman the case is somewhat different. To be a private, even in the most socially popular of the companies, is simply to endure months of monotonous and generally incessant drilling, for the pleasure of wedging one's corns between the boulders of Market Street on all sorts of tiresome occasions, and getting liberally abused by the papers and the public whenever they decline to become martyrs for the general amusement. For illustration, the above-named companies have been savagely

Parade in Santa Cruz, 1889

commented upon by some for declining to parade in San Francisco on the Fourth, although the members were defraying their own private expenses in coming here.

But as we were saying, the militiaman has at least one reward for his labor and self-denial. On occasions like this he can visit a watering-place economically and comfortably, and in a manner generally rendering himself an object of envy to the crowded, half-fed and generally miserable hotel boarder.

This Fourth the festivities have been carried on here in a manner that would delight the heart of a just-arrived Donnybrook-Fair Irishman. First, the military up at Camp Dimond get full of warlike enthusiasm and claret-punch, come down to the main street and have "a bit of a scrimmage" with the citizens and the local fire-brigade boys. Then the citizens prime up with indignation and beer and go up to camp, to have it out with the "Lardy-dahs," as they esthetically designate our Kearny Street warriors. Later in the program everybody meets about two A.M. in front of the principal hotel and indulges in a good, wholesome, all-hands-around whoop-up, in which muskets are clubbed, and broken-heads and bunged noses become as plenty as cuss words, which is saying a good deal. It is all in the way of fun, however, and so far there has been no ill will produced from these eccentricities on either side.

The most resorted-to attraction at the Camp is "Headquarters," where the officers, who considerably outnumber the men, apparently put in twenty-four hours per diem ladling out punch to their fair visitors and opening bottles of dry Mumm with affable unsteadiness. There is something profoundly pathetic in the solemn enviousness with which the sentinels on duty regard this endless hospitality, in which they are not permitted to share. The other evening, however, some of the thirsty high privates could no longer endure the constant temptation, and resorted to one of those deep-laid, strategic moves, which, we are informed, are equally permissible in love and war. A huge bowl of fresh-made punch had just been placed under the ladle of the genial Captain Mix, when an orderly requested that officer's attendance outside. There the commandant found a number of his command, who desired to obtain singularly explicit instructions regarding the most trivial and irrelevant matters. Meanwhile, another detachment had quietly proceeded to the back of the tent and cut a number of small holes through the canvas, just above the punch-bowl. When the captain returned to his hospitable duties, he was just in time to hear that unmistakable liquid rattle which denotes that the last few drops in a vessel are being sucked up through straws. With that peculiar presence of mind which may one day stand its owner in good stead on the field of battle, the captain, instead of directing the arrest of the whole crowd, simply ordered another bowl of punch—a most satisfactory conclusion to all concerned

The observations of Frank H. Gassaway (who wrote under the pen name of Derrick Dodd) first appeared in the San Francisco Evening Post *in 1882, and have been edited for publication here by Richard Reinhardt.*

An Old Time Fourth . . . BY WARREN LOOSE, from the Bodie daily press

AT BODIE . . .

. . . where a parliamentary Fatality occurs and Limburger figures

THE FOURTH OF JULY celebration of 1880, held on Monday the 5th, was by far the largest event of its kind ever held in Bodie. The hamlet of thirty-six months ago was now a roaring camp of over eight thousand people, and its name was a household word across the land. Its citizens looked on the world as their golden oyster. And just about the hardest thing to find in the camp in its magic hour was a pessimist.

At the stroke of midnight on the Fourth, thirty steam whistles shrilled their welcome to the 104th Independence Day. At four-thirty that morning, Hoskins' Brass Band "took position in the observatory of the Belvedere Iron Works and played 'Hail Columbia,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'Red, White and Blue,' and 'America.' At sunrise the standard cannon was brought out to belch forth a welcome to the day. And then, the rest of Sunday was allowed to pass quietly." Except for the spectacular but fatal efforts of Paddy Carrol, who terminated his worldly sojourn in a style not unknown in Bodie.

Paddy went to the special meeting of the Miners' Union called for the purpose of "rescinding a resolution adopted at a previous meeting which opposed a parade of the members of the Union in the coming Independence Day Celebration." (This action had been taken because of hostility

Bodie lines up for a parade, 1903

to an Officer of the Day.) Paddy had his own definite ideas on squashing this legislation. He kept the floor with abusive oratory until President Shaughnessy ordered five miners to throw him out of the hall. A few minutes later, after securing ample reinforcements of "Demon Rum" and a dragoon pistol, Paddy tried to blast through the blockade of six well-armed guards at the door of the Union hall—and was promptly ventilated by a well-aimed volley. The Bodie *Chronicle* of July 10 laconically commented, "Carrol was said to have been a 'badman' and his sudden taking off is not regretted by those best acquainted with him."

On Monday, the 5th, "the thunder of the Standard M. & M. Company's artillery banished sleep, and our streets were soon filled with those anxious to take part in all the glorious celebration. Main Street presented a gala and patriotic appearance with its innumerable decorations of evergreens, flags, and festoons of bunting. Thousands of people lined the streets; and greater enthusiasm had never before prevailed, singing and cheering from the balconies . . . being continuous from the commencement to the ending of the march."

No Fourth of July celebration in a mining town could have been complete without a secondary parade and oration served up by a collection of local clowns, generally known as "The Horribles." C. Staley, The Horribles' Orator of the Day, drew roaring rounds of guffaws from the crowd as he larruped the atmosphere:

> Fellow rounders, cheek gorillas, amateur actors, hoodlums, knights of the poppy, and superintendents of the finest and best free lunch routes in Bodie:
>
> We, today, represent the highest phase of triple X and double distilled cussedness to be found on the coast. When I see your opium-bleached, booze-inflamed mugs gathered around this rostrum, I feel that I was perfectly right in demanding in advance the $500.00 Mr. Pope (chairman of the program committee) offered me to deliver this oration. . . . In this camp our mines are the most ably managed on the coast. Our superintendents know more today about sour mash, Santo Pedro, poker, back streets, and scrub horse racing than any other class of men in the country. They are broad in their views, painstakingly conservative, and hold on to a four bit piece like a burdock burr in a bull's tail. They are men of great understanding, wearing number 5 hats, and number 10 boots. . . .
>
> Think, four daily papers in a town of 7,000 inhabitants. Pause for a moment and regard the mental caliber of their editors and compositors. . . .
>
> Turn your attention, I pray you, to our saloonkeepers, all men of means—self supporting, making all their own liquors, except gin. The various ranch men who come here have been known to take four straight drinks, and then go out and steal their own horses, saddles, and blankets and hide them in the sagebrush.

Of the many extracurricular events that secured a headline in the news stories of the day, none produced more chuckles than the plight of a well-known, personable young Bodieite, elegantly arrayed in a new outfit and sporting a "two-story plug hat," who proudly took his seat of honor in an open carriage alongside the ladies and their other escorts. He was unaware that a thin slice of Limburger cheese nestled under the sweat band of his magnificent new chapeau. In the glowing warmth of the Fourth, the carriage and its gaily dressed occupants took its place in the procession that slowly wound its way toward the grandstand.

> The day was hot and whenever our hero raised his plug to wipe the heat below, a murmur of disgust passed along the line. "What in the thunder have you been doing with yourself?" inquired his companions in the carriage. "That scent you gave us is death." "I believe it's me," said the good man, "or else it's the breeze coming down that Gieger Canyon" (location of the slaughter house). He sat and groaned, and whatever way he turned, he saw men and women holding their noses.
>
> The procession over, he rushed to his room and flung himself upon the bed. His landlady, hearing his groans, rushed to the room and inhaled the smell and started for the door in dismay. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man, "I have not got into anything, but some deadly *disease* has got hold of me."
>
> The landlady sent for a doctor and told him all the particulars, and that the man was used to handling cattle and meat, etc. The doctor picked up the patient's new plug hat, tried it on, and got a sniff. He said that the hat was picked before it was ripe. The doctor and the landlady held a post mortem examination of the hat and found the slice of Limburger. Few and short were the prayers they said. They awoke the patient to prepare his mind for the revelation. The doctor asked him if he had made his will, and he said he had not, and he wanted a lawyer. The doctor asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shove off. The man said he had always tried to lead a decent life; but he wanted a minister to come anyway to help him take account of his stock.
>
> The doctor then brought to the bedside the sweat band and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so. The patient pinched himself to see if he was alive, jumped out of bed, called for his revolver; and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on his way downtown.

Warren Loose *was born in Bodie and has devoted many years to compiling the history of this colorful mining camp.*

An Old Time Fourth . . . BY JOHN PHOENIX, Phoenixiana **(1855)**

AT SAN DIEGO...

. . . where the Cheek of Phoenix outfaces deplorable Deficiency in patriotic Resources

TUESDAY LAST, the 4th of July, being the anniversary of the discovery of San Diego by the Hon. J. J. Warner, in 1846, as well as that of our National Independence ("long may it wave," &c.), was celebrated in this city with all that spirit and patriotism for which it has ever been distinguished.

Every citizen, with the exception of those who had retired in a state of intoxication, was aroused at 2 A.M. by the soul-stirring and tremendous report of the Plaza Artillery, which had been carefully loaded the previous evening with two pounds of powder and half a bushel of public documents franked to this place by our late honorable representatives. Each citizen, on being awakened in this manner (if he imitated the example of your respected reporter), reflected a moment with admiration on our glorious institutions; with pride on our great and increasing country, and with gratitude on the efforts of those patriotic spirits who had thus aroused him, and after murmuring

some aspiration for their future happiness, was about to sink again to sleep, when—Bang! No. 2, more powder, more public documents, effectually aroused him again, to go through the same train of thought, murmur the same aspirations, a little warmer, perhaps, this time, and again become sleepy in time for Bang! No. 3. In this agreeable manner the attention was occupied, and the mind filled with patriotic ideas until just before daylight, when the powder unfortunately gave out, though four bushels of public documents still remained (but they wouldn't go off), and the firing ceased. At sunrise the National Banner would have unfolded its "broad stripes and bright stars" to the breeze, but for the unlucky circumstance of there being no halliards to our flag-staff. We are gratified to learn that a new set will probably be furnished by the Board of Trustees before the next anniversary.

At 8 A.M. a procession was formed, and moved to the sound of an excellent military band, consisting of a gong and a hand-bell, across the Plaza, where it separated into two divisions, one proceeding to the Union House, the other to the Colorado Hotel. At each of these excellent establishments an elegant *dejeuner* was served up, of the sumptuousness of which the following bill of fare will give some faint idea:—

BREAKFAST BILL OF FARE

Coffee.	Cafe, con sucre.
Bread.	Pan.
Butter.	Mantequilla.
Fried beefsteaks.	Carne
Hash.	No se

At 9 A.M. precisely, the San Diego Light Infantry in full uniform, consisting of Brown's little boy in his shirt-tail, fired a National salute with a large bunch of fire crackers. This part of the celebration went off admirably, with the exception of the young gentleman having set fire to his shirt-tail, which was fortunately extinguished immediately, without accident.

At 12 M. an oration was delivered by a gentleman, in the Spanish language, in front of the Exchange, of which your reporter regrets to say he has been unable to remember, but the concluding sentence, which, however, he is informed, contains many fine ideas. It was nearly as follows:

"Hoy es el dia de Santa Refugia! Hic, Los Americanos son abajos, no vale nada! (Hic,) nada, nada, nada (hiccup). Mira! hombre, dar [sic] *me poco de aguadiente Caramba."*

This oration was remarkably well received, and shortly after, the band commencing its performance, the procession was again formed, and dividing as before, moved off to dinner

The afternoon was passed pleasantly away in witnessing the performances of a gentleman, who had been instituting a series of experiments to test the relative strength of various descriptions of spirituous liquor, and who becoming excited and enthusiastic thereby, walked round the Plaza and howled dismally.

Upon the whole, every thing passed off in the most creditable manner, and we can safely say that never in our recollection have we witnessed *such* a celebration of the glorious anniversary of our Nation's Independence.

"John Phoenix" *was the* nom de plume *of Lt. George Derby (who also passed as John P. Squibob of* The Squibob Papers); Phoenixiana; or, Sketches and Burlesques *impeared under the otherwise respectable imprint of D. Appleton and Company, New York, in 1855. Judging from the date of the first issue of* Phoenix's Pictorial and Second Story Front Room Companion, *the incidents above might be ascribed to 1853.*

An Old Time Fourth . . . BY MILDRED FIELDER, from the Deadwood daily press

AT DEADWOOD . . .

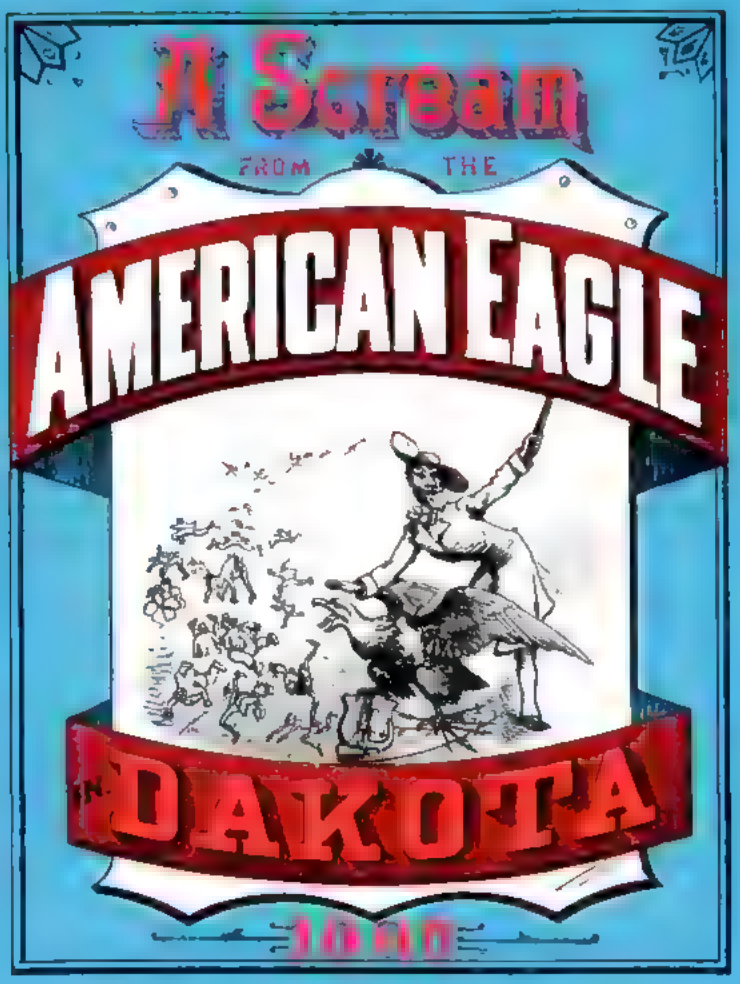
. . . where institutional Competition is exhibited and the heathen Chinee Participates

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY in 1888, the golden town of Deadwood was set for a glorious outburst of patriotic celebration. For the past four years, as the *Black Hills Daily Times* put it, "a celebration was impossible or not advisable. Today we celebrate, and inspired by long abstinence, we find one day insufficient. . . ."

Preparations were laid for an hour-long parade, to be followed by speeches at the Opera House, a concert of band music, hose team races, and pyrotechnic displays at night—with more contests to follow the next day.

The most unlikely Fourth of July hose team race ever held in the Wild West figured in this program—but perhaps we should here say some-

Continued on page 48



An Old Time Fourth . . . BY COLONEL P. DONAN

. . . in which the Fourth of July Oration of Colonel Phineus Donan, late of the Fargo (Dakota Territory) Argus, proclaims the unsung glories of America and points with pride to Dakota's pre-eminent role as the cradle of liberty and progress west of the Mississippi.

. . . the whole done up in style by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in 1885 and distributed to its passengers "as a characteristic specimen of the fertility of the New Northwest in eloquence as well as in the productions of the soil, showing conclusively that mind as well as matter is exuberant." (See overleaf.)

ORATION.

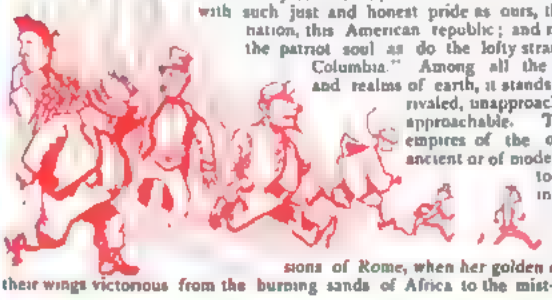
Ladies and Gentlemen—Fellow Citizens of Dakota and of America:

YE ANCIENT BELL.

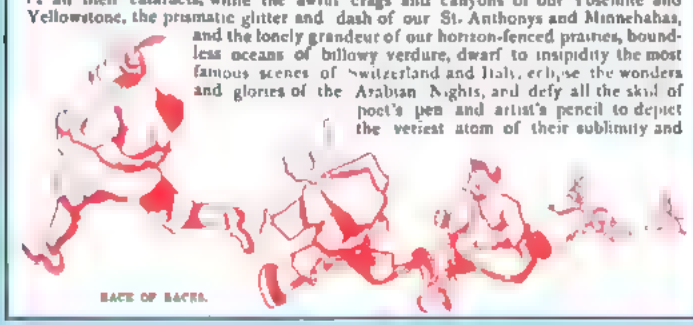
IN the Old Liberty Hall at Philadelphia hangs an ancient bell, cracked, mutilated and dumb, which should be enshrined in gold and shown with reverential pride and affection to the freedom-loving pilgrim from every land and nation till its heroic metal melts in the conflagration of the universe, and its undying tones float out to mingle forever with the grand harmonies of the skies. One hundred and six years ago to-day its brazen throat rang out an anthem which will reverberate while time endures. It sang to earth and heaven the glad tidings of a nation's birth. It proclaimed the adoption of that immortal Declaration you have just heard so impressively read, by which the thirteen British Colonies severed the ties that had bound them to the mother country, and stepped into the arena of nationalities as independent, sovereign States; as the freest and best government, the grandest Republic, the world has ever seen.

Heroic beyond all panegyric was the act of the little band of men in that old hall on the Fourth of July, 1776; and glorious beyond all imagination have been its results. The feeble infant Republic, whose birth that sacred bell announced in tones of mingled joy and fear, was born in a night of storm and cloud, and baptized in the fire and blood of a seven years' war. It was cradled in poverty and adversity, and its only lullaby was the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. But, borne on the hearts and prayers and bayonets of patriots as dauntless and devoted in the field as they were wise in the council, the young Republic lived and thrived. British armies surrendered to it. One by one the proudest empires and kingdoms of earth were forced to recognize its power and its dignity. It fought and vanquished the haughty "Mistress of the Seas" in 1812. It subdued the powerful tribes of savages on its western frontiers, and triumphed over the machinations and arms of France and Spain. It disciplined the pirates of the Mediterranean coasts, who had for ages preyed with impunity upon the commerce of all other nations, and taught them at the mouth of Decatur's guns that there was one flag that must be respected in every land, on every sea. It chastised the insolence of Mexico, and rapidly extended its dominion from ocean to ocean. It grappled with the most gigantic insurrection in the annals of the world, and after four years of titanic battle crushed it, and struck the last shackle of bondage from human arms—making a living reality, forever and forever, on its hallowed and heroic soil, of the grand ideality of its Magna Charta, that "all men are born free and equal." It triumphed—this wondrous young nationality—in commerce and manufactures, arts, sciences and inventions, no less than in war and statecraft. Its white winged barks, laden with the richest products of two hemispheres, the commerce of the world, skimmed every ocean, cast anchor in every haven on the globe. Gold poured into its treasuries. Kings and princes rose up to do it honor. In the sunlight of every clime, from Greenland to Japan, from Madagascar to Spitzbergen, from Siberia to the Southern Pole, the Star-Spangled Banner unfurled itself to the breeze, everywhere the proud, unsullied symbol of liberty, union, power, peace, prosperity and glory.

It swept on its dazzling way, from triumph to triumph, from glory to glory, until to-day, on the hundred-and-sixth anniversary of its birth, no nation rears its head to heaven with such just and honest pride as ours, this American nation, this American republic; and no music stirs the patriot soul as do the lofty strains of "Hail Columbia." Among all the nationalities and realms of earth, it stands peerless, unrivaled, unapproached and unapproachable. The grandest empires of the old world, of ancient or of modern times, sink to petty provinces beside its vast dimensions. The whole possessions of Rome, when her golden eagles spread their wings victorious from the burning sands of Africa to the mist-clad hills of Caledonia, fell short of the immensity of our new-world domain. Russia, vastest of modern sovereignties, could be lost in our half-hemisphere, beyond the power of all the detectives in Christendom to find her. France, land of Napoleon, at the tread of whose legions but little more than a half-century ago all Europe trembled as if taken with a Wabash valley ague, would scarcely overlap the single territory of Dakota; while Great Britain, whose morning drum-beat sounds around the globe, would hardly make a fly-speck on the face of Texas or California.



Do other lands boast of their great rivers? We could take up all their Niles and Thameses, their yellow Tibers, castled Rhines and beautiful blue Danubes, by their little ends, and empty them into our majestic Mississippis and Missouris, Amazons, Saskatchewans and De la Platas, without making rise enough to lift an Indiana flat-boat off a sandbar. Do they brag of their seas and lakes? We could spill all their puny Caspians and Azovs, their Dead Seas, Nyanzas and Maggiores, into our mighty Superiors, Michigans, Eries and Ontarios, and scarce produce a ripple on their pebbled brims to wash away the eighteen-inch "foot-prints on the sands of time" left by the fairy-like slipper of a St. Louis or Chicago girl. Do they prate of their romantic scenery? We have a thousand jewel-like lakes that would make all their vaunted Comos, Genevas and Killarneys hide their faces in a veil of friendly fog. The thunder of our Niagara drowns out the feeble murmur of all their cataracts, while the awful crags and canyons of our Yosemite and Yellowstone, the prismatic glitter and dash of our St. Anthonys and Minnehahas, and the lonely grandeur of our horizon-fenced prairies, boundless oceans of billowy verdure, dwarf to insipidity the most famous scenes of Switzerland and Italy, eclipse the wonders and glories of the Arabian Nights, and defy all the skill of poet's pen and artist's pencil to depict the veriest atom of their sublimity and their loveliness. Do they prattle about their Ætnas and Vesuviuses? With our noses turning somersets of ineffable contempt clear over our heads, we thunder forth our Cotopaxis, Popocatapetls, Chimborazos and a score of other jawbreakers whose very names alone are too huge for common tongues—(I am aware that some of the specimens of national prodigiousness that I have mentioned do not just exactly belong to us yet; but they belong to our next-door neighbors who are not as strong as we are, and to our gloriously expansive Yankee spirit, where or what is the difference?) Do other lands and nations talk of their mines of jewels and gold? We answer with the exhaustless bonanzas of California, Colorado, Dakota and New Mexico, where mountains of gold and silver ore challenge the skies, and where the ceaseless thunder of the world's greatest bullion mills resounds in the yet warm lair of the Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. Do they rave of the harvest fields of Germany and Britain, and the vine clad hills of France? We show them half a hemisphere with soils and climates as varied as the tastes of men, and with capacities for production as boundless as the needs of men; yielding everything cereal, vegetable, animal, textile and mineral, agricultural, horticultural, geological, zoological, pomological, piscatorial and ornithological, ovine, bovine, capricornine, equine and asinine—(the last including most of our alleged statesmen)—that all the wants of all the races, tribes, kindreds and tongues of earth can ever require. The sun in heaven, in all its grand rounds since "the evening and the morning were the first day," never looked down upon a more magnificent domain—a fresh and glorious half-world, grand in all its proportions and endlessly diversified, rich and gorgeous in all its adornments, resting like a vast emerald breast-pin upon the bosom of the four great oceans. It is the broadest land ever given to any people, the grandest and most beautiful, the most varied in its productions, and the most unlimited in its capabilities and its future.



RACE OF RACES.

And Americans were and are the people for it—cosmopolitan, the race of races, mingling in their veins the blood of all other nations, and combining in themselves the good qualities of all—the sturdy manhood, courage and patriotism of the English, the pertinacity, thrift and honesty of the Scotch, the patient, plodding industry of the German, the pride and gallantry of the Spanish, the art and sentiment of the Italian, and the fire and dash of the Irish and French, all permeated by the energy and shrewdness and colossal modesty that are peculiarly Yankee—the stern piety of the Puritan crossed with the reckless deviltry of the cowboy and the endurance of the Kickapoo. With such a country and such a race, what is not possible? The mighty march of new-world progress and development is but begun

HIS ADORED AND ADORABLE ONLY OWNEST ONE

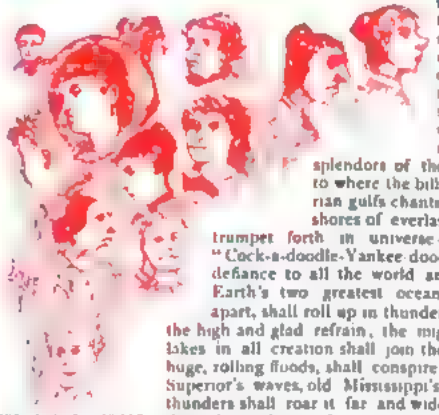
Human eye hath not forseen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the greatness, the population, the wealth and power and prosperity ultimately to be attained by this American land, this American people, this American nation. But six years more than a century ago, a poor, scanty population of three million souls, confined to a few sea-coast provinces within hearing of the Atlantic surf, starting out as a Republic, shaky, moneyless, inexperienced, and almost faithless. To-day, fifty-five millions of people, rich, strong, progressive and prosperous, spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They have made vast and trackless wildernesses rejoice and blossom like the rose-gardens of the gods. They have made the deep, abysmal solitudes of untold ages musical with the many-voiced industries of civilization; and that civilization, with all its faults, the freest and highest and best the world has ever known. They have built, as by omnipotent enchanters' spells, cities and railroads and canals. They have bridged the mightiest rivers and tunneled the tallest mountains on the globe. They have spanned a hemisphere with their iron highways, and girdled the solid earth with their electric cables.

They travel by steam and talk by lightning. Their ingenuity and invention never end. Their credit is unlimited, their energy is tireless and dauntless, and their enterprise halts at nothing. They have shown creation that, in the bright vocabulary of American national youth, there is no such word as fail. One of their cities, a Dutch island settlement of a century or so ago, now has half as many inhabitants as their whole Republic when they declared themselves free and independent, and could raise more money in twenty-four hours for a North, Central and South American railway scheme, than the whole continental congress ever dreamed of during the seven years of the Revolution. An Indian frontier fort, in an unknown wilderness of fifty years ago, now has a population of over half a million, is the most beautifully built city, and engineers the most gigantic wheat-corner steals in Christendom.

Emigrants are pouring in by daily thousands from every land beneath the sun. A railroad, a few mines, a cataract's water-power and a little vigorous advertising and work suffice to build a city of half a hundred thousand inhabitants anywhere in a few months' time. The whole continent is being checkered with vast railroad lines, and sown broadcast with magical cities, while private citizens handle revenues that dwarf the riches of emperors and kings.

Where is all this gigantic growth and development to end? Will not the close of our century see all North America, from Behring's Strait to the Isthmus of Panama, under one glorious free government and tri-colored flag? Will not the mystical figures, "A.D. 1900" find us all, Canadians, United Statsans, Mexicans, Guatemalans, and Nicaraguans, brethren and friends and fellow citizens, marching beneath the starry banner of the free and the brave, to a grand common destiny of illimitable wealth and power and renown? Then shall Columbia's proud pet eagle (which is being so

BESIEGED HEMMED AND FLEA-GIRT BAY OF NAPLES



OUR DAKOTA'S SWEET HEARTS WHEN SHE IS [illegible] GRAND MOTHERS COMING &c

numerously and diversifiedly squeezed until he squawks to-day), perched upon the loftiest pinnacle-crag of the royal-ore-ribbed Rocky mountains, spread his cloud-bathed wings from the multifloral rainbows and frost-wrought splendors of the Aurora Borealic realms, to where the billowed sunshine of Honduran gulfs chants its ceaseless anthem to shores of everlasting green and gold, and trumpet forth in universe-reverberating tones his "Cock-a-doodle-Yankee-doodle-doo" of exultation and defiance to all the world and the rest of mankind. Earth's two greatest oceans, three thousand miles apart, shall roll up in thundering oratorio their echo of the high and glad refrain, the mightiest gulf and grandest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, huge, rolling floods, shall conspire to swell the giant peal, Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrent, Niagara's misty thunders shall roar it far and wide, the hurricane crashing through ten thousand mountain gorges, from the Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierras, shall echo it, the raging blizzards [illegible] six inch hailstones on sky bounded Nebraskan plains, shall whistle and rattle it, the catamount shall shriek it, the prairie wolf shall howl it, the lone owlet hoot it and the grizzly bear shall growl it, and the burden of it all shall be: "America for Americans! One country, one flag, one lager, from Greenland's icy mountains to Darien's golden strands! E pluribus unum, now, henceforth and forevermore, world without end—amen!"

Of this resplendent national fabric, fellow citizens, our own Dakota is to be no ordinary part. God and Nature have made her, in many respects, the garden-spot of all its imperial domain. Cast your eyes and your imaginations over her hundred and fifty-three thousand square miles of area, from the Red River Eden of the North to the crystal ripples of the Belle Fourche, from the borders of the romantic Yellowstone to the pasture-lands of Yankton and Vermilion. On all the beauteous pendent globe, no fairer, richer realm unfolds itself to tempt the angels down. No broader, grander, golden grainfields ever gladdened the heart and pocket of sunbrowned husbandman with hundred-fold harvests. No greener pastures ever feasted the frolicsome mule-colt or fatted the festive gentleman-calf. No mightier treasure-houses of royal ore rear their proud heads heavenward in any land or zone. No bluer skies bend their sapphire arches above the far-famed, beggar-hemmed and flea-girt Bay of Naples, or the Lake of Como, on whose enchanted shores lay the bogus ranch of Claude Melnotte, whom John McCullough nightly murders on the mimic stage.

No softer moonlight bathes in floods of silvery sheen the orange-groves of Andalusia, or lures the gushing gosling to amatory squash-swapping with his adored and adorable only owncst one. No balmier breezes sigh over Araby the blest, or the gardens of Gul in her bloom, than the sweetness-surfeited zephyrs that linger in loving dalliance amid our rose-beds and pig-sties, jeponica-thickets, honeysuckle arbors and sewerage-soaked garbage-piles. No bigger mosquitoes were ever broiled and served, in fashionable restaurants down East, as snipes on toast, than those that industriously ply their profession along all our romantic streams and lakesides.

No sharper, nobler, wide awaker, straighter-tobacco-spitting, more enterprising, whole-souled, generous, true-hearted and public-spirited men than ours ever left their stoga boot-prints on the golden sands of time. And no brighter, dearer, lovelier creatures ever flitted through Oriental poet's raptest dream of paradise than our blessed dimity dimnitites, our home-made calico seraphs, our patent inflatable crinolined darlings, our Dakota sweethearts, wives, mothers-in-law, grandmothers and cousin Mariannes, who are creation's special pets and prides, fitted to bear queenship in any realm.

Oh, Dakota is a splendid, magnificent, hunkidorious domain—a land of majestic dimensions, a land of gold and silver mountains, of fruit-trees and vineyards, of lowing kine and golden grain; under the feet a carpet of flowers bespangled with gold-dust, and the most crystalline of heavens bending above and resting its arch on the walls of the forest. She is a regal member of the Union sisterhood. She has a mighty interest in the destiny of the Republic, and in the achievement of that destiny she should bear no ignoble share. In the grand orchestra of national glorification she should play no second fiddle or discordant trombone. In the swift, resistless march of American progress and development she should be found with the "color guards" in the van, and not lagging among the shirks and sutlers' wagons in the rear. In new-world advancement, in the upbuilding of earth's greatest and grandest nationality, hers is and should be a glorious mission, a sublime work.

It rests with you, fellow citizens, men and women of Dakota, to say whether this mission shall be fulfilled, this work be done. In your hands is the fate, the destiny of our grand territory. Make it a land of God and morality, of law, order and the broadest liberty. Let the taper spire of church and schoolhouse be ever, as now, the first landmark in all your towns.

Study the history, constitution and laws of the great Republic of which Dakota and you form so important a part, note all the defects in its policy and politics, and be prepared to suggest remedies and amendments. Wear the slavish dog-collar of no party, sect or faction. Erect for yourselves the loftiest standard of public and of private honor. Put none but true and honest men on guard in your official life. Scourge from your high places all thieves and money-changers, all jobbers and tricksters and dark-corner plotters. Let no man go forth to the world as your accredited representative, who is not, in brain and character and address, fitted to reflect credit upon you and your queenly territory in any assembly, political or social, at home or abroad. Stamp out all ringsters and corruptionists. Remember that no man, no people, can be personally honest and politically dishonest. Keep labor strikes far from your favored borders by ennobling labor and rendering the laborer his just dues. Cultivate your minds and hearts as assiduously as your wonderful soil; and render Dakota as famous for her intelligence, her virtue and all noble and worldly gifts and graces, as she is for her magnificent wheat crops, her sleepless enterprise and her unparalleled growth and prosperity. Maintain your well-earned fame for hospitality to all deserving strangers. Urge by every means in your power the bringing in of immigration and capital, the building of mills, factories, schools and colleges, the founding of universities and libraries, the construction of railroads and canals, and the opening up in an ever-increasing ratio of new farms and new mines, until the thunder of mighty mill wheels shall be heard all along your romantic streams, and the white incense of steam shall ascend from ten thousand beauteous valleys and hillsides, as a glad thank offering to heaven, that "Paradise Lost" has been regained in this imperial "land of the Dakotas"—queen commonwealth yet to be of all the sisterhood of States. Be yourselves, and train your children to be, truthful, upright, brave and gentle, courteous to inferiors, respectful to equals, and determined, with God's help, to have no superiors. Cherish the free spirit of the men of 1776. Cultivate the broad and generous sympathy which throbs in unison with all humanity, which feels for every man and is interested in everything that concerns the great common brotherhood. Labor, labor always for your country, for the world and for mankind, and you will best labor for yourselves and for Dakota. Be MEN and WOMEN in the widest and truest and highest sense of the term.

The world needs men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands!
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy.
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.

Only do your duty to yourselves and to your majestic Empire State of the future, and the name of Dakotan will yet become throughout the country and the world, a synonym for all that is great and noble and good. Long live Dakota and the Dakotans! Long be hallowed the Fourth of July, which rendered possible such a region and such a people!

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thing about hose teams in general. Volunteer fire departments of the Black Hills towns included ten to twenty or more men who lined in pairs along a drag rope pulling a two-wheeled spindle upon which a length of hose was wound. At the sound of a fire alarm, the volunteers spewed from stores and offices, mine diggings or whatever, grabbed the drag rope, and raced hell-for-leather toward the hydrant nearest the fire. Sometimes they even managed to save the building. Anyway, as one oldtimer said, "They were all we had."

In hose team races on holidays, two or more companies raced to specially placed hydrants, coupled the hose to the hydrant, and laid out three hundred feet of hose. The volunteers were generally young men, and the races were furious affairs of honor.

Deadwood was unique in the Black Hills in having a Chinatown, so with the eruption of the suppressed Fourth in 1888, it was decided to schedule not only the regular hose races, but to organize two Chinese teams for the day. Wing Tsue, a respected Chinese merchant, sponsored one team, and Hi Kee headed the second team. Both teams practiced diligently before the great day. The Chinese race—two-hundred yards—was set for 2:30 P.M.

A couple hours intermission for dinner placed the multitude in the best of humor for the sports of the afternoon, opening with undoubtedly the first hub-and-hub hose race by exclusively Chinese teams known to the world.

The Chinamen promptly responded to the call and received an ovation as they passed up Main Street to the start, attired in sure enough running suits allee samee Melican man. They tossed for positions, Wing Tsue's team with the red cart securing the west lane, and booking with betters a winner by decided odds. The word "ready" was given, the men settled into positions and were eyeing each other with semi-malicious leers, when some one threw a firecrackers upon the track. Like a shot from a gun each team sprang from the scratch, Tsue's team taking and steadily increasing a lead for the first 150 yards, when one of the tongue men dropped out and his companion unable to hold the cart, fell to the ground. Thence on wildest excitement prevailed. Hi Kee's team quickly recovered lost ground and was hub-and hub with the gyrating cart only a few feet from the outcome, but its apparatus was well in hand and passed over the score mark a winner by twenty feet. Time, 30¼ seconds, distance, 200 yards.

Fastest Chinese Hose Company in the world

The "great race of the day" followed, being a three-hundred-yard race between the Independents of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the Deadwood hose team. Though the Independents claimed the championship of the world in recognized hose teams, Deadwood's firemen managed to cross the finish line eighteen inches in front, accompanied by a "deafening roar of victory from the crowd." Thus two world champion races were held in Deadwood that day in 1888.

Mildred Fielder, *a resident of Lead, S. D., is author of* Railroads of the Black Hills *and* Wild Bill and Deadwood *(both by Superior, Seattle).*

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

WITNESSES—MATERIAL AND IMMATERIAL

By Earl Pomeroy

As the population of California approaches twenty million people, interest in its history supports a vast and expensive traffic in "Californiana," as the trade calls it, including histories, biographies, diaries, journals, and inevitably, anthologies.

Once anthologies were massive samplers of elevating verse and prose, with steel engravings of scenes picturesque or pathetic, destined less to be read than to ornament the parlor table (alongside the county history with the biographical sketch that had cost Grandpa one hundred dollars). Now the publishers of anthologies seek a larger market in college bookstores, though they are willing to issue them as trade books at higher prices. The new outlet is legitimate enough, pedagogically and otherwise: the anthology brings "enrichment" (that is, spares the library) in a field where the textbooks are satisfactory, or substitutes for textbooks where they are not. It even offers a pittance to those few authors copied who have copyright—perhaps $25 or $50 an item, which is not so good as selling more copies of a book but better than having one's chapters simply photocopied.

Robert Kirsch is book editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, he has published several novels. William S. Murphy's best-known book (with Jerry Cohen) is *Burn, Baby, Burn!*, an account of the riots in Watts in 1965. One might have expected two such nonacademicians to strike out along new lines, emphasizing recent times. Actually, they not only stop with 1906 but are still in the 1850's with less than 150 of 500 pages of text to go. And their selections for the "American period" (as the older historians call it) seem less novel and significant than they might be, falling far short of the main themes in the history of the state that readers may expect, or of the "lessons and illumination for man in general" that the editors promise. Thus we have accounts of the deaths of James King of William and his assassin, but nothing else of frontier journalism and literature; descriptions of the Comstock mines and Virginia City—not even in California—by Dan De Quille; accounts of California volunteers in the Civil War, again chiefly out of the state; reports of the final stages of construction of the Pacific railroad in Utah; correspondence and testimony on the Modoc War; and a report of the hanging of Tiburcio Vasquez—but nothing on how people other than miners, outlaws, and track-layers earned their livings, and little on society in countryside and city.

Although they say that they present witnesses and that they propose "to allow, insofar as it is possible, the words of these men and women to carry the burden of the narrative," Kirsch and Murphy do much of their own writing, more than do the editors of the two competing anthologies (John and La Ree Caughey's *California Heritage* [1962] and N. Ray and Gladys Gilmore's *Readings in California History* [1966]). Their long articulative passages incorporate a good many small errors that will distress those who like their history clean. They also quote from writers who were not witnesses, including Garci Rodriguez de Montalvo, author of *Las Sergas de Esplandián* (not Esplandin or García), Miguel Venegas (1680–1764?, quoted on events of 1615–83), Charles Dwight Willard (1860–1914, quoted on events of 1850–71), and several historians of our time. The writer that they quote at greatest length is John Charles Frémont, and not from one of the reports of his exploring expeditions but from the article on his role in "The Conquest of California," which he wrote for *Century Magazine* shortly before his death (April, 1891). They mention that "he had recently been attacked by a historian of the period" (pp. 241–42) but do not cite Josiah Royce's devastating exposures of the unreliability of Frémont's recollections or Royce's analysis of this last article by Frémont: "I shall rejoice, indeed, if ever the pale ghost [of the legend] ceases to walk in broad daylight. The twilight regions of our historical consciousness in this country will probably never be rid of it." And here again, it is presented not as an exhibit in historical criticism and the arts of fraud, but as a witness's account.

Probably most college teachers who want an anthology will go on using either the Caugheys' book (which is the artistic and literary success of the three, with beautiful photographs of scenery by Ansel Adams and others) or the Gilmores' (which is a convenient paperback

(Continued on page 56)

West of the West: Witnesses to the California Experience, 1542–1906 edited by Robert Kirsch and William S. Murphy *(E. P. Dutton & Co., $10.00)*.

LOOKING WESTWARD

By Joseph E. Illick

This issue of *The American West Review* features two essays on new directions that have been, or should be, taken in western history, which make it logical for me to reflect more generally on the American historian's concern with his craft, what it has been and what it might become. These two themes are the subjects, respectively, of David W. Noble's **Historians against History: The Frontier Thesis and the National Covenant in American Historical Writing since 1830** (University of Minnesota Paperbacks, $1.95) and C. Vann Woodward, ed., **The Comparative Approach to American History** (Basic Books, $6.50). Noble's emphasis on thematic similarities in the work of such eminent historians as Bancroft, Turner, Beard, Becker, Parrington, and Boorstin makes clear the extent to which the chroniclers of our past have fastened on the uniqueness of America. On the other hand, many of the essays in Woodward's book demonstrate that our nation's history has features common to other countries as well.

According to Noble, "the central tradition of American historical writing from 1830 to the present is directly related to the world view of the English Puritans who come to Massachusetts." An intellectual historian who consistently attributes more power to ideas than environmental forces, Noble focuses his primary interest on the mental equipment that Americans used to interpret their surroundings. He assumes that his readers are conversant with the beginnings of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and especially with the sermon preached by John Winthrop in 1630 aboard the *Arbella* as it approached the New World.

> Now if the Lord shall please to hear us and bring us in peace to the place we desire, then hath He ratified this covenant and sealed our Commission, and will expect a strict performance of the articles contained in it . . .

The Lord did, indeed, safely deliver the Puritans, and they vowed to carry out their end of the contract. The covenant was fulfilled, almost with a vengeance. Safely settled outside corrupting Old World influences, the Puritans established an orthodoxy from which they allowed no dissent. Revolutionaries in England, they staunchly maintained the status quo in America. Noble comments that "Puritan theologians became historians who explained how historical change culminated in Massachusetts with the national covenant." This, he feels, had portentous meaning for the future writing of American history.

When the sons and daughters of the Bay Colony strayed from the straight and narrow—mercantile success having provided not only worldly goods but European contacts—the clergy sought by sermons to set the community aright. According to Noble, this homiletic function was later seized upon by academicians: "Like the Puritan theologians of the second half of the seventeenth century, our historians have accepted the burden of warning the people when they stray from the purity and simplicity demanded to preserve the covenant."

Before this tradition of historical writing began, however, two other movements—both European—had made an impact on American thought, accentuating or supplementing tendencies already present. In the first instance, there was the influence of the Enlightenment, "a secularized form of Puritanism," whose English spokesman, John Locke, rejected "historical accumulation, false traditions preserved in useless institutions." The same movement in France, however, had two currents: while Voltaire's emphasis, like Locke's, was on reason and progress, whereas Rousseau was romantic and, rather than moving forward, envisioned a return to the past, to primitivism, to a time when "the people" were sovereign, acting spontaneously in a classless, institutionless, traditionless society.

Having duly noted that intellectuals were influenced by the major ideological trends of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Europe, Noble has only to ex-

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"No student of the Sioux and other Indians of the plains can afford to miss this important publication"

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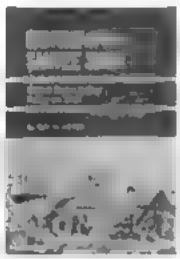

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THE MAN THE GOLD RUSH LEFT BEHIND

By George P. Hammond

James W. Marshall, discoverer of gold in California's stream beds, has been the subject of endless discussion but of much less serious study. The conclusions have been favorable or unfavorable, depending on individual prejudices. Theressa Gay, with patience and great diligence, has really delved into the Marshall story, a task that must have consumed her thoughts and energies for half a lifetime.

The author has pursued James W. Marshall from his birth in New Jersey in 1810, to his death at Kelsey, near Coloma, in 1885. Her technique has been to relate biographical events as they happened—or as they can be verified in documentation—with occasional excursions into the wider realm of national or international affairs. In this manner, she has sought to orient the reader and to call to mind that California, in Marshall's earlier days, was still a remote area, even though it was the center of much gold-rush attention.

Neglecting little if anything in her research, she has produced a biography of Marshall that is monographic and comprehensive. Though the subject himself occupies the center of the stage, the author presents him in the wider panorama of California history, including his relations with fellow workers and neighbors, especially with the Lord of New Helvetia, John A. Sutter. Sutter and Marshall were partners in the construction of the sawmill at Coloma, when the latter discovered those historic flakes of gold in its millrace on January 24, 1848. Marshall's excitement when he hurried to show the bits of gold to Sutter at New Helvetia shows that he realized the significance of the event, whereas the workmen at the sawmill reacted more slowly to its possibilities. No one can read the account of Marshall's conference with his partner at the fort, the precautions he insisted on taking before showing Sutter the flakes, behind locked doors, without recognizing that Marshall knew he had come upon an extremely important discovery.

The author's account of the events that followed this episode is extremely detailed: the testing of the ore for genuineness; the continued work on the sawmill, then nearing completion; the search for gold by workmen during their free time; the efforts to keep the news secret until not only the sawmill at Coloma, but the gristmill at Natoma, could be completed. These projects were essential to Sutter; he depended on the income from them to pay his debts and guarantee the success of his empire. He succeeded in both of these tasks—with the help of Marshall and his crews—but, ironically, not until news of the great discovery had reached too many people. Sutter himself could not keep the secret, nor could his agents. Though the genuineness of the "gold-mine" was poohpoohed in some circles, the truth gradually came out, and by early summer the immigrant rush was on. In this stampede, as the world focused its attention on California and its gold, Sutter and Marshall alike were brushed aside, their lands, cattle, grain—virtually everything they possessed—seized by squatters, and they themselves were cast up as pawns in a vast game.

From this time on, Marshall's part in history is incidental. He was recognized as the one who had made the gold discovery. This, his only distinction, led others to believe that he had powers of divination, that he knew where more gold was to be found. Some threatened him with bodily harm if he did not reveal his "secrets." A simple, uneducated man, unprepared for this sort of pressure and notoriety, Marshall lapsed into a state of mysticism. He communed with the spirits, and was resentful when others could not see or hear what he did. He became a wanderer, looking for new gold deposits and earning a meager living by doing odd jobs as carpenter, millwright, or handy-man. Sometimes he washed a bit of gold or worked at quartz mines. For a time he tried the lecture circuit, for which he was wholly unfitted, and earned a few dollars by selling the book written about him by George Frederic Parsons in 1870. He became careless of his personal appearance and manner of living. Like Sutter, he came to feel that the State owed him a living, and the California State Legislature did vote him a small pension for a few years, in spite of much opposition.

James W. Marshall, the Discoverer of California Gold by Theressa Gay *(Talisman Press, $10.00).*

Marshall was apparently not an attractive character. His unkempt clothes, his drinking, and his mysticism combined to make him seem unattractive, even abnormal. He died, impoverished, in a little cabin he had built near Kelsey, and was buried on a hilltop at Coloma, overlooking the gold-discovery site.

This is Marshall's story, thoroughly documented and well told by Miss Gay. Some readers may feel there is too much detail, but here at last is a comprehensive account of a humble, inconsequential man whose name will nevertheless be remembered. □

George P. Hammond *is Director Emeritus of the Bancroft Library, University of California, and author of the recent* Digging for Gold Without a Shovel

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The War on Powder River by Helena Huntington Smith *(University of Nebraska Press, paper, $1.95).*

BY DON RUSSELL

WAR HAS BEEN DEFINED, says Mrs. Smith, as "a difference of opinion among groups of people that cannot be settled except by shooting." The 1892 affair in Johnson County, Wyoming, qualifies: there was a lot of shooting. If the casualty list falls short of television standards, there were nonetheless deaths by hangings and gunfire. The war was waged in considerable secrecy, except that Sam Clover of the *Chicago Herald* was, as Mrs. Smith points out, "the only newspaperman ever known to have been invited by lynchers to witness a lynching." Mr. Clover's hosts sought to suppress a book by another newspaperman, A. C. Mercer, *The Banditti of the Plains* —with the result that it can still be bought for $2 from University of Oklahoma Press.

The villain in the piece was the Wyoming Stock Growers Association; but despite her indignation over the stupidity of the cattle barons, Mrs. Smith quite fairly points out considerable villainy, as well as stupidity, on the other side. Being objective about the Johnson County War is difficult, as anyone who has dipped into its vast minor literature can testify. It is not too far back for memories—especially secondhand memories, which can be the most prejudiced—and those who knew the most about it did the least talking. Mrs. Smith has made her way ably through this mass of contradictory testimony and comes up with a definitive account of a very minor war that gains importance because its detail in both actions and motivation was so well reported. (The book was originally published in 1966 and has just been issued in this paperback edition.)

The Association was not an extralegal group; it was by law in charge of the cattle industry in Wyoming. No maverick could be branded except by a member of the Association for the benefit of the Association. A cowboy who owned a cow was blacklisted. By 1890 Johnson County was settled by homesteaders who did some farming and had small herds of cattle. They were not allowed to take part in the Association roundup or to hold one of their own. To the cattle barons, they were all rustlers. Some, in fact, were, and others were driven to it by the restrictions.

The cattle barons, including some leading citizens of Wyoming, hired an army made up of detectives and twenty-five Texas gunmen, put it on a railway train and gave its leaders a list of seventy men to be hanged or shot, including the sheriff and county commissioners at Buffalo. The army besieged two of the listed men in a cabin on Powder River One of the victims kept a diary, almost to the moment of death. Its publication in the *Chicago Herald* made Nate Champion a frontier hero.

The attack aroused the entire country, and the cattle barons were besieged. The state's two senators persuaded President Benjamin Harrison to rescue the cattlemen, but they were subsequently arrested and put on trial. They managed to stall proceedings until Johnson County went broke and the cases were dismissed. Oddly enough, this ended the war; there were no resulting feuds, and somehow or other the opposing factions managed to get along together—in sufference, if not in amity. □

Don Russell, *a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is editor of the* Westerner's Brand Book *and author of the recent* Custer's Last: The Battle of the Little Big Horn in Picturesque Perspective.

Eskimos of the Nushagak River: An Ethnographic History by James W. VanStone *(University of Washington Press, $6.95).*

BY TED C. HINCKLEY

TO MORTISE ANTHROPOLOGICAL field research data to historical primary source material makes for sounder, more precise scholarship. Trouble is, it's tough on the researcher. Although the number is increasing, distressingly few historians are trained in cultural anthropology, much less physical anthropology. There is an old saw among historians that an anthropologist can report anything be-

cause it will be another century before anyone is crazy enough to reside in the swamp, desert, or aerie which he somehow has endured, but it is becoming less and less true (if it ever was). Modern transportation, travel grants, and peripatetic people like James W. VanStone, Associate Curator of Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, confirm it. Just as reassuring as VanStone's varied and arduous digs and tramps over southwestern Alaska is his effective utilization of the historian's manuscript tools. Russian records, missionary archives, federal documents, and much else were probed to lay bare his conclusions about the evolution of the Nushagak Eskimos.

VanStone has traced Nushagak "culture change"—historians would call it social history—from the natives' earliest contacts with the Russians, probably about 1791, to the present. Throughout the study there is little attempt to weave the narrative together into a compellingly human account of a people under repeated, sometimes terrible, social stress. Rather, the author has designed his objective analysis within a dispassionate, topical framework.

The book's excellent maps prove quite helpful. Not so helpful are the in-copy citations. In fact they were down right obnoxious to this reviewer. Such citations may be S.O.P. among anthropologists, but heaven forbid that such reader booby traps ever spread their literary havoc to other disciplines.

The Nushagak Eskimos live just north of the Alaska Peninsula. Those unfamiliar with Alaskan geography might picture the state as an elephant's head, its trunk forming the Peninsula. (Extended westward, this finally becomes the Aleutian Islands.) Fifty miles north of the Peninsula the coastline is cut by the Nushagak River, which debouches into Bristol Bay (an eastern pocket of the Bering Sea), one of the world's most fabulous salmon-harvesting regions.

In 1818 the Russians established a fur trade redoubt among the Nushagak people. No different from other aboriginals, these Eskimos, encouraged by the distribution of tobacco and liquor, found the sight of metal knives, beads, and blankets irresistible. Notwithstanding the optimism of the remarkable Father Ivan Veniaminov, the indigenes exhibited considerable resistance to Christian conversion. One priest, discouraged over native reluctance to baptism, was inveighed:

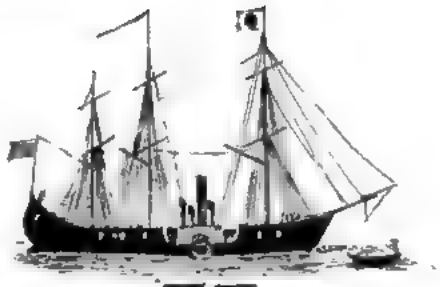
> Before the Russians came here our people lived to a ripe old age, now hardly anybody attains it. Formerly we did not know about epidemics but since we started to baptize our children and be baptized, scarcely a year passes without some kind of epidemic and deaths.

Sections of the Metropolitan's advice given to missionary workers sounds as though it came straight from Peace Corps headquarters:

> The missionary should do his best to earn the confidence of the people by wise kindliness and readiness to be of help in any way.
>
> The missionary and his assistant should become familiar with the native language as quickly as possible.
>
> The missionary should find out all about the culture of his parishioners in order to influence them more easily.
>
> On no account should the missionary show contempt for the customs of the people even though these customs may be deserving of it.

Two decades after the Russian withdrawal, the Moravians, with very limited federal support, moved into the region. These missionaries from Pennsylvania were almost as concerned with accommodating the Nushagak people to civilization as they were in "saving pagan souls." A hostile Orthodox element did not welcome them. Before long the Protestants found an animus of their own: the spreading canneries and the deleterious impact that they produced among Eskimo parishioners.

After additional chapters exploring late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Nushagak reindeer-herding, mining, and medical services among the Nushagaks, the second half of the book devotes itself to the region's more recent, accelerating socioeconomic fusion. What about the Nushagak Eskimos' tomorrow? By illustrating the changing Eskimo-white relationship in other parts of Alaska, VanStone indicates what may yet occur for these people of the Bristol Bay area. They have suffered more disruption than the Eskimos to the north. Largely because of the depletion of their fur and game resources, they cannot fall back on an aboriginal subsistence economy. Fortunately, commercial fishing has somewhat filled this gap by offering a cash income in the summer. Nevertheless, long-range economic stability is



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most definitely not assured. Although Moravian, Seventh Day Adventist, Church of Christ, and Roman Catholic groups are now active in the area, the Russian Orthodox Church still claims the largest number of communicants. Possibly the white man's spiritual message can provide a degree of solace where his mercantile principles have not.

Given a chance to be transported back to the world of pre-1791, most Eskimos would probably reject it. But come 1991, their environment will without doubt be even more radically altered. Then the Eskimos' legendary perspicacity for triumphing over a harsh setting may confront an ecological test even more brutal than that fashioned by Nature.

Ted C. Hinckley, *whose "Prospectors, Profits, and Prejudice" appeared in the Spring, 1965, issue of* The American West, *is in the Department of History at San Jose State College.*

The Frontier against Slavery: Western Anti-Negro Prejudice and the Slavery Extension Controversy by Eugene H. Berwanger *(University of Illinois Press, $5.95).*

By Eric Foner

Eugene Berwanger's *The Frontier against Slavery,* which demonstrates how intertwined racial prejudice and antislavery sentiment were in the antebellum West, contains important contributions to our understanding of the antislavery movement.

Berwanger begins with two chapters on racial attitudes in the Old Northwest in the six decades before the Civil War. He shows that the Northwest Ordinance was not interpreted as automatically barring slavery from this area, and that proslavery forces waged a struggle for over twenty years to introduce the peculiar institution into Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. A major explanation for their failure was that the southern non-slaveholders who migrated to the area were determined to exclude slavery, but were just as hostile to the presence of free Negroes. Because of their influence, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana early enacted legislation discouraging Negro immigration, and western antislavery leaders learned to speak in the prejudiced language their constituents would understand.

As the controversy over slavery extension developed, western racial prejudice increased. The 1840's and 50's saw new legislation severely restricting the rights of Negroes and in some cases excluding them altogether. Moreover, the Great Plains and Pacific Coast were settled primarily by residents of the Old Northwest, and these men brought with them their antislavery and anti-Negro sentiments.

In chapters on California, Oregon, and Kansas, Berwanger shows how the discriminatory legislation of the Old Northwest was transplanted to the frontier. His unraveling of the complexities of Kansas politics and the problems within the Free State party over the Negro question forms the most interesting part of the book, and is an important addition to our knowledge of antislavery politics in the 1850's.

Unfortunately, Berwanger does not adequately discuss why racial prejudice was so pervasive in the West. He does mention the southern origin of much of the population of the West and the antagonism created by black-white labor competition in cities like Cincinnati. But this does not explain why Wisconsin and Michigan, settled from the Northeast, enacted discriminatory legislation; or why western farmers, who rarely if ever saw a Negro, objected to the presence of the black man. Was there something about frontier society that intensified racial prejudice? This is a very difficult question, but surely a book of this kind should have attempted an answer.

Berwanger's final chapter, on western politicians and the Negro, gives the impression that all political leaders were equally opposed to any kind of Negro rights—he does not distinguish between degrees of racial prejudice. But his own evidence and the work of others clearly indicate that Whigs were traditionally more lenient towards the Negro than Democrats, and that there were basic differences between Republican and Democratic racial outlooks. It is interesting that Berwanger stresses the racial prejudice of Lyman Trumbull, the Blairs, and David Wilmot—all Democrats who joined the Republican party. Former Whigs who became Republicans often were not as strongly prejudiced as the ex-Democrats. And between Lincoln and Douglas, there was as much disagreement as agreement about the Negro. Douglas flagrantly appealed to racial prejudice in all his speeches, while Lincoln, though opposing civil rights, affirmed the Negro's essential manhood and his right to participate in the economic marketplace as a free laborer. The presentation of a long series of anti-Negro quotations from western politicians is not a substitute for a careful analysis of the differences and similarities between the racial attitudes of different groups and parties in the West.

It is clear from *The Frontier against Slavery* that racial prejudice played an important, and sometimes decisive, role in antebellum western politics. But despite Berwanger's extensive research, the book is disappointing—not only because he does not answer many of the questions raised by the material he presents, but because he does not appear to recognize that they need answering. □

WITNESSES

(Continued from page 49)

and emphasizes the last century). Kirsch and Murphy's book nevertheless has attractive features. It will introduce readers pleasantly to standard published descriptions of early California. The illustrations emphasize contemporary drawings and photographs, including several fine photographs of historic sites by Murphy.

As a teacher of history, I regret not so much the shortcomings of this one volume, which meets the tests of scholarship better than most of the books that will appear on shelves with it, as the general state of the field that it reflects. Electing not to write history even while they end by doing it, the editors necessarily depend on historians to help them to find witnesses. They say that one of their reasons for not covering the present century, for instance, is that documents await editors. More to the point (since we can no longer afford to edit and publish the series of letterpress volumes of documents that California lacks relative to older states), documents also await interpreters, writers to identify them and give them setting and significance. This largest, richest, and oldest of the far-western states, like its neighbors, has no collections of published documents comparable to those of states east of the Mississippi; though there are out-

standing studies of scattered topics, it has no histories since those of Hubert Howe Bancroft and Theodore S. Hittell comparable to the ten-volume *History of the South* or to the six-volume *History of the State of Ohio*. None of its cities has a published history comparable to the works available on Washington, Chicago, and Milwaukee; there are no adequate histories of its farms, ranches, schools, colleges, immigrants, even its strange politics. Perhaps we cannot soon expect them. But anthologies, which cannot replace them, remind us forcibly that we do not have them. □

Earl Pomeroy, *of the Department of History at the University of Oregon, is the author of* The Pacific Slope.

LOOKING WESTWARD

(Continued from page 50)

plain how their thought was molded by these ideas. Jefferson, through his association with the *philosophes* in France, was able to accept both Enlightenment views of America: "as the capital of a future progressive, scientific civilization and as the primitive and purified antithesis to civilization." But increasingly he separated America from Europe and focused on the ideas of the seventeenth-century founders. "The original Puritan emphasis on . . . a chosen people with a national covenant from God filled Jefferson's first inaugural address where he spoke as the spiritual shepherd of his flock." He did not, however, reject his belief in progress but rather saw America as having already achieved its goals by 1800. Other democrats—more influenced than Jefferson by the romantic side of the French Enlightenment, converts to the ideas of intuition, the general will, and democracy—saw the election of Andrew Jackson as the fulfillment of their concept of history as progress

It is at this point that Noble brings together the idea of the national covenant and the frontier thesis through the agency of George Bancroft, romantic democrat and author of a ten-volume history of the United States. For him, as for his Puritan ancestors, history was the revelation of God's plan; and democracy, synonymous with Jacksonianism, was the will of the Almighty, because it left men free from the distorting influences of traditions and institutions to find their way to God.

Although liberty began for Europeans when they set foot on American shores, a commercial aristocracy had arisen in the eighteenth century, only to be suppressed in the Revolution by "the people," whose representative heroes were Washington, Jefferson, and Daniel Boone. The latter's "symbolic importance" in Bancroft's narrative, according to Noble, "rested upon the destiny of the American people to take over the area of the Mississippi Valley, the valley of democracy."

But the Revolution had not eliminated the aristocracy. It rose again to imprison Americans in such institutions as the Second Bank of the United States, an embodiment of English economic thought. And again, heroes—most notably Andrew Jackson—rode out of the valley of democracy to save "the people": "This child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the West, appeared modestly and firmly on the side of liberty . . ., raised by the people to the highest pinnacle of honor . . . it was the office of Jackson to lift the country out of the European forms of legislation, and to open to it a career resting on American sentiment and American freedom." Old Hickory had not eliminated slavery or the southern aristocracy, however, and Bancroft did not believe freedom could be restricted by race or democracy by section. Thus, there was needed a final hero, Abraham Lincoln, "a child of the West, a child of America," to deliver the people. For Bancroft, the millennium arrived in 1865.

Later historians played variations on a theme by Bancroft, but they were unable to maintain his optimism in the face of an increasingly complex society. Attempting to pick up where Bancroft left off, Frederick Jackson Turner had to face the fact of the Industrial Revolution, with its social and political consequences so obviously deleterious to democracy. Like Bancroft, Turner was an economic determinist who viewed free land on the frontier as the fundamental force in American history. But the disappearance of the frontier—that is, the absence of the regenerative force of nature that had been the crucible of American character—could mean that Amer-

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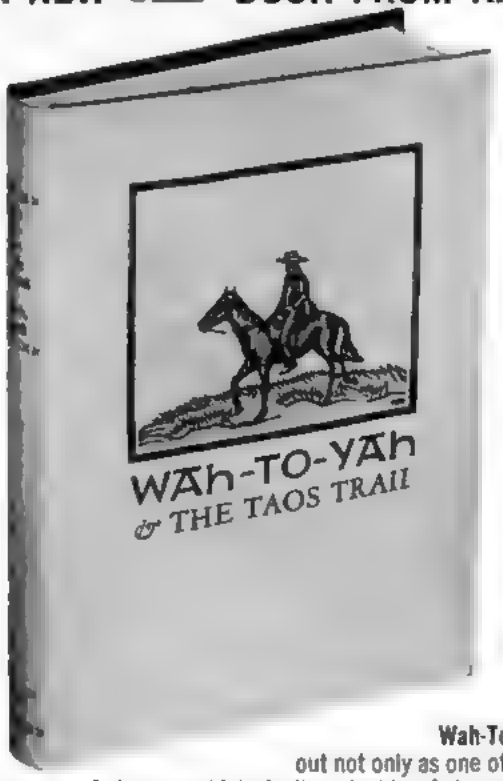

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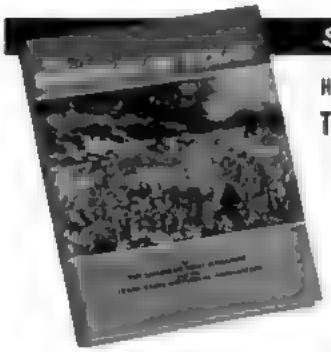

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ica would fall prey to European complexity. Progress portended the end of primitivism.

At first, Turner argued that there was nothing to fear from industrialism that grew out of democracy. Later, unsatisfied by this optimistic appraisal, he stated: "It is to the realm of the spirit, to the domain of ideals and legislation, that we must look for Western influence upon democracy in our own days." These ideals were embodied in the Populist movement (which, it should be noted, was far larger in the South than the West). But as a determinist, Turner could not logically believe that economic forces would be controlled by politics. He retreated to education as a method of constraint, placing special faith in the state universities then thriving in the Midwest. (Like Bancroft, he believed the first truly American society grew up in this section.) Viewing Turner's writing as nothing more than "a nostalgic and loving backward glance at the creation of the American Garden in 1830 and a sorrowful commentary on a disharmonious present," Noble concludes that he failed to discover a formula that would preserve the national covenant in an urban and industrial society.

Far more successful in this regard was Charles A. Beard, who persuaded "much of his generation, that industrialism as an impersonal force beyond human control must, therefore, be an instrument of progress." It would erode traditions and institutions (that is, the stuff of history), even eliminate the plutocracy and proletariat that it had created. Thus would industrialism take on the regenerative powers of the frontier, not only in America but in the world. But when the Great War did not make the world safe for democracy, a disillusioned Beard retreated to the agrarianism of Bancroft and Turner, concluding that Europe was irretrievably corrupt. He spent his later career preaching "the enthusiastic, hopeful gospel" of a return to Jeffersonian democracy and isolationism. Jefferson, for Beard, was the original westerner, a collectivist who would have approved the early New Deal but have rejected Franklin Roosevelt's foreign policy.

Carl Becker, a student of Turner's at Wisconsin, moved in a direction opposite to his contemporary, Charles Beard. Reflecting the influence of his teacher when he began his own academic career

at the University of Kansas, Becker found his environment "more Puritan than the New England of today . . . Americanism, pure and undefiled, has a new lease on life." Six years later, in 1916, he retreated to Cornell University and European history—a "disenchanted agrarian" who had discovered that the narrow-minded businessmen who controlled Kansas politics also dominated the university. Like Beard, he was an enthusiastic participant in the Wilsonian world crusade, only to be disenchanted a second time. Flirting momentarily with the historical pessimism of Henry Adams, he returned to European history and published his greatest book, *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers*, in which he argued that the Enlightenment was weighted down by the past rather than being a bold departure from it. Ultimately, Becker "presented Americans with a new interpretation of history. History was not progress from institutional and traditional complexity to natural simplicity. History was the record of man's moral responsibility to preserve civilization in its necessarily complex expression in constantly changing institutions and traditions."

But the older ideas have persisted. Vernon Louis Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, which Noble labels "the single most important book written by a historian of the frontier tradition," made a tremendous impact when it was published in 1927. The writings of Daniel Boorstin, whose nostalgia for the lost world of Thomas Jefferson is as striking as his separation of European intellectualism from American pragmatism (or primitivism), have achieved widespread respectability; his trilogy entitled *The Americans* is currently in progress. Ray Allen Billington, in his essay on "Frontiers" in *The Comparative Approach to American History*, claims that "of the many forces helping to create a distinct American culture, none was more important than the existence of a frontier during the three hundred years needed to settle the continent." That was a "unique experience." Billington also accepts the romantic notions of his predecessors, implicitly arguing that virtue vested in the people causes them by instinct "to elevate those of proven ability to leadership posts" (an interesting feat in view of the assertion that on the frontier a belief in equality "was carried to fantastic extremes").

The virtue of David Noble's book lies in making us aware of the extent to which the writing of American history has been governed by one tradition—ironically, the desire to root out tradition. The vice of the book lies in the exaggeration of its virtue, an excessive statement of one theme, which leads toward distortion. In fairness to Noble, it should be pointed out that the same tendency is evident in the essays on comparative history.

C. Vann Woodward, in an introductory essay to *The Comparative Approach to American History*, lumps together Turner, Beard, and Parrington as men who "looked steadily within." But he finds hope in his own generation, in men such as Boorstin, a "practitioner of comparative history." Richard C. Wade, writing on "Urbanization," notes: "Turner and Beard looked at American history in quite different ways. But from the viewpoint of the city, they presented a curiously similar outlook." In an essay on "Imperialism" Robin W. Winks refers to Turner's work on sectionalism in order to demonstrate that "the South and the West at differing times were to think of themselves as colonies of the North and the East."

As these two books demonstrate, neither comparative nor intellectual history is a direct avenue to understanding. Aside from the facts that the essays in *The Comparative Approach to American History* vary considerably in quality and are sometimes contradictory, it is clear that comparisons are more relevant in topical areas (immigration, slavery) than in special historical situations (Reconstruction). They may illuminate our past by analogy or stimulate the imagination; they may divest us of our parochialism; but comparisons cannot explain what actually happened. The danger of "history by contrast" lies in the drawing of mechanical analogies, which may augment our literature but not our knowledge. Intellectual history poses a similar pitfall, one not entirely avoided in *Historians against History*. Systems of thought do not have independent lives, except perhaps in the hands of men incapable of giving them new dimensions. To superimpose a system on the product of a life's work may result in mere academic exercise, if not something worse.

It seems almost too obvious to state that a man's ideas are the product of his experience as well as his intellectual training. Noble's attempt to make these connections in his essay on Carl Becker is praiseworthy. Although so-called psychological history has sometimes carried historians in absurd directions, this is not good reason to reject the insights that a discipline outside history can lend Ray Billington's "Why Some Historians Rarely Write History: A Case Study of Frederick Jackson Turner," *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review* (June, 1963) is suggestive in this regard, although Alan C. Beckman's "Hidden Themes in the Frontier Thesis: An Application of Psychoanalysis to Historiography," *Comparative Studies in Society and History* (April, 1966), which makes use of Billington's essay, seems rather overdrawn. It is, nevertheless, a new and interesting direction, and one that will be followed increasingly. For history is not simply a narrative of the past but a reflection of the present. It is rewritten, in America as well as Russia, in response to contemporary change. □

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The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West. Vol. V *(Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., 1968, 401 pp., illus., $14.50).* edited by LeRoy R. Hafen ‡

Mormon Songs from the Rocky Mountains *(University of Texas, Austin, 1968, 221 pp., index, $7.00).* edited by Thomas L. Cheney ‡

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The Mountain States: Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming (*Time-Life Library of America Series, Time-Life Books, N.Y., 1968, 192 pp., illus., glossary, index, $4.95*)
by MARSHALL SPRAGUE and THE EDITORS OF LIFE ‡

Myself When Young. An Album of Remembered Characters (*Funk & Wagnalls, N.Y., 1968, 248 pp., $4.95*). by KARL DETZER ‡

Narrow Gauge to the Redwoods. The Story of the North Pacific Coast Railroad and San Francisco Bay Paddle Wheel Ferries (*Trans-Anglo Books, Los Angeles, 1967; 168 pp., illus., biblio., index, $6.95*). Photographs by Roy D. Graves.
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GEMS OF WISDOM

The difference between man and beast is this: animal intelligence learns from experience that it cannot remember; human intelligence remembers experience that it cannot learn from.
—Roger Wilde

A tired animal is not a cute animal.
—Carter B. Smith

Travelers by "Overland"

continued from page 12

wealthy and flamboyant Ben Holladay, chief owner of the stage lines, decided that he needed to get across the country in a hurry. How much was real need, and how much showmanship, we may question. At any rate, from Folsom, the railhead in California, to Atchison, the railhead on the Missouri River, he maintained a speed of seven miles an hour, stops included. One run of fourteen miles—as awed narrators later told—he made in forty-five minutes. He completed the whole overland journey, 2030 miles, in twelve days and two hours. □

George R. Stewart *is Professor Emeritus of English at the University of California, Berkeley. A member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *he is the author of many books, including* The California Trail; Committee of Vigilance; Ordeal by Hunger; Names on the Land, *and the recent* Not So Rich As You Think.

The Counting House

continued from page 29

the expedition spent ten more, increasingly desperate days—exploring this way and that, conferring, caching everything except essentials to be carried on their backs, and dividing into splinter groups under the various partners and the clerk, John Reed. The purpose of these splinter parties was to travel various directions in search of Indians who might furnish horses, information, and provisions (the food supply was nearly gone).

Hunt's detachment numbered twenty-one (including Dorion's pregnant wife), Crooks's detachment twenty, McKenzie's five, McClellan's four, and Reed's four. A couple of Reed's men returned to join Hunt after several days and reported that the river ahead remained hopeless for travel. McKenzie and McClellan, finding no information or provisions or horses or Indians, decided it was pointless to report back to Hunt. They joined forces and with Reed and his companion toiled westward. Hunt and Crooks, after spending a week or so caching the last of the merchandise, set out on separate routes on November 9.

At first Hunt had better luck than Crooks in finding Indians (Shoshone camps) and getting some horses and provisions from them, but during much of the last week of November and the first week of December, Hunt too met no Indians. On December 6, after great privation and hardship in mountainous terrain and heavy snow, Hunt's people met up with the Crooks detachment. This meeting seems to have been near the present town of Homestead, Oregon, with Crooks on the Oregon side of the Snake, Hunt on the Idaho side. Crooks and all his men were in desperate straits from hunger, discouragement, and fatigue, having existed for the last nine days on "one beaver, a dog, a few wild cherries, and some old mockason soles," as Crooks wrote in his account.

The Crooks party reported that the mountains ahead were deep in snow and quite impassable, at least for men as weak as they now were. Hunt spent a long night in bitter reflection. He decided to turn back in order to help the Crooks detachment reach the last Indian camp, passed some days upriver. One of Crooks's voyageurs, Jean Baptiste Prevost, out of his mind from starvation, drowned in the river in the course of this back-tracking. By December 21, when Hunt was ready once more to push westward (with the two detachments combined), he had retreated to the vicinity of his encampment of November 26, apparently near the junction of the Snake and the present Weiser River.

By heroic persuasion he had recruited three Shoshone guides, who led the way across the Snake and directly northwest to the Columbia—a route that was to become an important link of the Oregon

Trail. They left the Snake at what future emigrants would call Farewell Bend, and crossed Baker Valley, Grande Ronde Valley, and the Blue Mountains.

Along this route another voyageur, Michael Carriere, was lost; and Dorion's wife gave birth to her baby, which died a few days later. Despite her condition, she kept up with the line of march, apparently without complaint. Indeed, Marguerite Dorion proved a better "mountain man" than many of her companions. She also outlived most of them, and died in Oregon in 1850.

On January 8, 1812, the overlanders reached a large Indian camp on what was probably the Umatilla River. After a six-day rest, they finally reached the Columbia on January 21 and arrived at Astoria on February 15. The six men left behind in Indian camps along the way, including Ramsay Crooks and hunter John Day, did not appear until many weeks afterward.

After "unheard-of difficulties," the McKenzie-McClellan-Reed party had made it to Astoria on January 18. On the way they had happened upon one of the untold sagas of the West in the form of one Archibald Pelton, a Connecticut Yankee gone adventuring in the West. The young easterner had survived the Blackfoot slaughter of the Andrew Henry fur brigade of 1810, had lost his mind, and for almost two lunatic years had wandered dark unknown mountains with bands of Shoshones, until the Astorians rescued him.

At Astoria, Hunt learned of the loss at Nootka Sound of the *Tonquin* with all hands, including her captain (whose arrogant behavior was responsible for the tragedy) and company partner Alexander McKay. This catastrophe was sensational news among the Indians, and Hunt heard Chinook reports of it long before reaching Astoria. In the spring and summer of 1812 McClellan, and then Crooks, resigned their partnerships and left for the East.

But Astoria was founded and in business by April, 1811, before the *Tonquin* sailed away to perish. Early in May, 1812, another supply ship, the *Beaver*, arrived; various detachments had by that time already set forth on their spring trips to supply or man trading posts, to trap, or to carry dispatches back to Astoria. A number of Hunt's trail companions lost their lives in such occupations during the next year or two, including Dorion, John Reed, Hoback, Reznor, and Robinson—all murdered by Nez Perce Indians. Some Astorians believed their deaths were in revenge of a Nez Perce hanged for the theft of a silver cup by John Clarke, a new partner who came out on the *Beaver*.

Hunt departed in the *Beaver* to see to the next step of the operation, the Russian trade at Sitka—a project fraught with its own peculiar perils. For the fierce old Russian governor, Count Baranoff, would talk business only to the music of uproarious drinking bouts. In his jolly way he was apt to have a visitor whipped around the pickets if he couldn't stand the pace.

Hunt's talents were apparently equal to the challenge. At any rate, the trade he came for was brought off handsomely, the *Beaver* disposing of its cargo for nearly seventy-five thousand seal skins, worth six or seven times the cargo's value in Canton. These furs were to be picked up at one of the Russian seal-fisheries in the Pribilof Islands, a detour of six weeks.

The *Beaver* was scheduled to stop again at Astoria to pick up the furs being baled there; but in view of the delays already in her itinerary, this stop was omitted, and Hunt dropped off at the Hawaiian Islands while the *Beaver* made directly for China. Hunt's intention was to return to Astoria in the next supply ship, expected to touch at Oahu in the spring of 1813. But the next supply ship never arrived; the War of 1812 had interrupted Astor's plans and defied all his emergency maneuvers. When he learned of the war, Hunt succeeded in chartering the *Albatross* at Oahu and arrived at Astoria with some trading supplies and provisions in August, 1813. He came too late. The company partners at Astoria, under the leadership of Duncan McDougall, learning of the war and finding themselves left unsupplied and without means of sending out the considerable stocks of furs they were accumulating, had decided to abandon the whole enterprise and leave the country. Hunt objected but was argued down. The *Albatross* could not wait long enough to load Astoria's furs and people, so Hunt left with her to find another ship for this purpose.

While he was gone word came to Astoria via North West Company men that a vessel of the British Navy was en route to seize Astoria and all other American property on the Northwest coast. McDougall hastily sold Astoria and all its dependencies, including the fur inventory, to the North West Company for a fraction of the value.

Controversy has surrounded this deal ever since, McDougall partisans claiming the forced sale was necessary to keep Astoria and its goods from falling an outright prize to the English, detractors (among them Astor, Irving, and Hunt) claiming that he was guilty of double-dealing and had "virtually given away" (said Astor) the property in exchange for a partnership in the North West Company—which he did, in fact, accept secretly while the negotiations of sale were still in progress.

A British sloop-of-war appeared at the end of November, operating under the orders of a North West Company partner who was on board (or so he claimed). It sailed away on December 31. Hunt returned to Astoria at the end of February, 1814, in the brig *Pedler*, bought in the Hawaiian Islands, only to learn with "indignation" of the sale of Astoria and its furs, although if the furs had not been previously sold, the British warship could presumably have seized them for nothing. In any case, Hunt concluded the transaction of Astoria's sale and on April 3 left in the *Pedler*, taking along four clerks who wanted to go home by sea.

Some of the Pacific Fur Company people stayed on in the employ of the North West Company, either voluntarily or under duress. Some went back east overland, among them two disaffected voyageurs who said they were going to Montreal to sue the Pacific Fur Company for back wages. The story behind this familiar sort of big-business quarrel is unclear, since by the terms of Astoria's transfer the North West Company accepted the liability of wages due Pacific Fur Company employees. A half dozen or so of Hunt's original overlanders stayed and eventually became permanent Willamette Valley settlers.

Thus ended the Pacific Fur Company and Astoria—and thus ended, too, Wilson Price Hunt's brush with fortune.

Doggedly faithful to the last, he gathered up for his employer what nickels and dimes he could on the way home, spending nearly two years (alternately arrested by both the Spanish and the Russians) in the chancy Pacific Coast trade, sailing with his gains to China to trade for a cargo of silks, china, and teas,

and at last returning to New York in October, 1816.

Astor, in spite of his heavy losses, may well have been rather proud of the Astoria project. His biographer notes that he asked Washington Irving to present him to posterity through the story of Astoria, his one resounding failure. Astor evidently preferred to be remembered as a "dreamer of empire"—not merely the most successful money-maker of his time.

Astor may also have been well impressed by Hunt's total business loyalty, for it appears that Hunt did not end his odyssey empty-handed. When he returned to St. Louis in 1817, he bought several thousand acres of land on Gravois Creek, about eight miles southwest of the town. He built a grist mill here, and the place was known for years as "Hunt's Mill." A candidate for delegate to the Missouri constitutional convention in 1820, he was defeated, although his party won "a signal victory" in the same election. Two years later he was appointed postmaster of St. Louis, a fairly important political plum in those days Since the postmaster also served as collector of newspaper subscriptions, his correspondence contains some interesting references to such subscribers as Joshua Pilcher, George C. Sibley, Colonel Kearney, and General Clark ("I hope shortly to collect that of General Clark who says he will pay so soon as convenient which will be I suppose so soon as Government forward him funds of the Indian Department . . ."). Otherwise, he settled down to the life of a provincial merchant.

Donald McKenzie opened a cordial correspondence with Hunt in the 1820's, speaking of where he might live when retired from the fur trade: " . . . the prospect of living near yourself would furnish . . . no small inducement for me to bend my weary steps towafd the Missouri " And in a later letter: " . . . abler pens will hand the names of my friends to after times. In this event suffer me to add my good Sir that yours shall honorably be enrolled high among the number."

Very possibly the most far-reaching effect of the whole Astoria adventure flowed ultimately from the influences of Washington Irving's heroic statuary group, *Astoria*, in which Hunt was cast as the chief hero. Hunt, alas, was not impressed at being thus immortalized. He wrote Astor, upon the book's appearance in 1836, that he had just had a glimpse of it and "had time only to see some things that would have been well to have been otherwise expressed," namely, that Irving's description of St. Louis in 1810 did not render the town genteel enough. "I am sorry my name is blended with a discription of merely the Boatmen, Mothes, etc."

Hunt served as Astor's western representative when he could be of use, and a letter written to a lawyer in Belleville, Illinois, only a few months before Hunt's death shows him still loyal, come what may: " . . . I have ascertained that the trespasses on the land of John Jacob Astor of New York have been committed by Joseph Fagotte, widow Shumate and her son George, [and] Louis LeCompte. The name of the first I left with you to bring suit. Please add the two other names Shumate and LeCompte and bring suit for $1000 against each of the three. It is a very disagreeable thing to bring a suit against a widow but it is not at my discretion to pass her by."

He died April 13, 1842, at his St. Louis residence at Seventh and Olive streets, and was interred in the city's "Episcopal burying grounds." □

William Brandon, *presently working on a history of the Santa Fe Trail, was Visiting Lecturer in English at the University of Massachusetts in 1966–67. His short stories and articles have appeared in a wide variety of publications, including* The American West, *and he is author of the text for* The American Heritage Book of Indians. *"Wilson Price Hunt" is scheduled to appear in a forthcoming volume of the series* Mountain Men and the Fur Trade *edited by LeRoy R. Hafen for the Arthur H. Clark Company*

The prime source for this account is, of course, Washington Irving's *Astoria, or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia, 1836, and countless subsequent editions). The superlative edition edited by Edgely W. Todd (Norman, Okla., 1964) was used in doing this piece. Another major account of the overland Astorians in Gabriel Franchère's *Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America*, originally written in French and published in Montreal in 1820; an English translation by J. V. Huntington was published in New York in 1854, and again as the last part of Vol. VI of Reuben Gold Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*. Wilson Price Hunt's own journal of the trip has been lost, but is in a French translation in J. B. Eyries and Malte-Brun, eds., *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages . . .* Tome 10 (Paris, 1821); a not very reliable English re-translation is included as part of Appendix A (pp. 281–308) in Philip Ashton Rollins, ed., *The Discovery of the Oregon Trail Robert Stuart's Narratives* (New York, 1935). John Bradbury, *Travels in the Interior of America in the Years 1809 . . .* (second edition, London, 1819), is reprinted as Vol. V of Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, and includes in its Appendix Ramsay Crooks's narrative of the overland trip, taken from the *Missouri Gazette* of May 15, 1813, with a reprinting in *Niles Register* for June 26, 1813. Henry Marie Brackenridge's account of his trip with the Lisa keelboat, *Journal of a Voyage up the River Missouri . . .* (Baltimore, 1816), is reprinted as the first part of Vol. VI of Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*. Alexander Ross's *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River* (London, 1849), used as Vol. VII of Thwaites' *Early Western Travels* is a hearsay account as far as the overland trip is concerned. So, too, is the Cox account — Ross Cox, *The Columbia River*, 2 vols. (London, 1832). Much detail on events at Astoria is to be found in Vol. II of Elliott Coues, ed., *New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest. The Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry . . . and of David Thompson . . . etc. . . . 1799–1814*, 3 vols. (New York, 1897).

For anything concerning John Jacob Astor, the basic work is Kenneth Wiggins Porter's *John Jacob Astor, Business Man*, 2 vols. (Cambridge, 1931). A very sizeable body of work exists dealing with Astoria—at least a couple of dozen items in the journal literature alone. Some of it is quite essential to the story, such as Kenneth W Porter, "Cruise of Astor's Brig *Pedler*, 1813–1816," in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 31 (1930), 223–230; J. Neilson Barry, "Astorians Who Became Permanent Settlers," in *Washington Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 24 (1933), 221–231, 282–301. Barry, "The Trail of the Astorians," in *Oregon Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. 13 (1912), 227–239. Porter, "Roll of Overland Astorians, 1810–1812," in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 34 (1933), 103–112; and T. C. Elliott, "Wilson Price Hunt, 1783–1842," in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 32 (1931), 130–134

The essential material on Hunt is in the large and valuable collection of papers in the Hunt Collections of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.

All interested persons are invited to register and attend the Western History Association's annual Conference on the History of Western America: Pioneer Hotel, Tucson, October 17-18-19, 1968.

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As promised on the inside front cover, we here continue and conclude our discourse on the borrowing habits of stagecoach artists. The large lithograph above, executed by the San Francisco firm of Britton & Co. in 1853, is an obvious antecedent of the smaller lithograph, at left, done in the early 1870's by Woodward, Bernan & Hale. Particularly striking here are the landscape similarities: the clump of trees in the distant center of each picture, the sinuous tree trunk at the left, and such foreground detail as the vine embracing the trunk of the tree at the right.

As a final observation, it might be noted that American artists and lithographers perhaps went beyond borrowing liberally from one another's productions. They may in fact have been elaborating on themes established long before by artists and engravers of Britain and Europe.

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